

from his position, was independent of party would have great advantages in the struggle which must be waged with Congress if Mr. JOHNSON's successor desires to redeem his office from contempt. When the process of reconstruction is completed, there will be no plausible pretext for perpetuating military government in the South, and the future PRESIDENT may perhaps be supported by public opinion in reversing the policy which is now in the ascendant. At next year's election either the Southern States will be excluded from voting, or their rights will be exercised by the packed constituencies which have been created by the recent registration. If General GRANT is nominated by the Republican Convention, the Democrats will find it more expedient to support the choice than to display their weakness by starting a rival candidate of their own. No conspicuous general would risk his popularity by accepting a nomination from the minority, and the Democrats are even more deficient than their adversaries in eminent civilians. General McCLELLAN, whom they opposed to Mr. LINCOLN in 1864, is now wholly forgotten.

Some of the Northern States seem disposed to introduce into their own Constitutions the principle of negro suffrage which they have unhesitatingly imposed on the South. As the members of the coloured population in the North are insignificant, the question possesses no practical importance, although it illustrates the motives of the Republican party. Many Americans hold a conscientious belief that the suffrage is at the same time a natural right and a personal safeguard. White partisans enfranchise hordes of barbarous negroes for the sole purpose of swamping the true citizens of the South; while honest enthusiasts promote the same object rather for the benefit of the negroes themselves than with a view to political calculations. Their superstitious faith in the ballot implies a want of due appreciation of the importance of a political franchise. A voter has no right to even a fractional share in the government of others unless they are, by a liberal estimate of his qualities, capable of being regarded as his equals or his inferiors. The outlying portions of the Republic have always been hotbeds of new-fangled doctrines and strange experiments, and the citizens of Kansas have earned for themselves the honour of a complimentary letter from Mr. MILL by their adoption of the fanciful theory of female suffrage. It may be supposed that the States which hesitate to degrade or dilute the popular franchise concur in vesting the control of the Southern States in the coloured part of the community on political or party grounds. The government of Poland by the alliance of the Russian authorities with the peasantry, and the former understanding between the Austrian Government and the Slavonic subjects of the Hungarian Crown, are familiar precedents for the American experiment. The Republicans will probably attain their immediate object of bringing back the South into the Union, not as an independent associate or adversary, but as a docile or pliable mass. The reconciliation which is at least as indispensable as formal reconstruction has not yet been commenced or attempted. Like the European sovereigns who established despotic power in the reaction which followed the events of 1848, the American Republicans, in the enjoyment of triumph over their opponents, forget that, whenever they wish to reorganize the old Union, they must begin by rescinding all their recent legislation. Foreign commentators on their current history sometimes undervalued the power of the North, but their forebodings of the permanence of disruption have thus far been accurately fulfilled. The South has hitherto not returned into the constitutional system of the United States.

It may be hoped that the United States may not be disposed to escape from domestic difficulties by engaging in foreign quarrels. The sanguine disposition which is a national characteristic affords some security against a temptation which has often been fatal to the peace of the world. Mr. SEWARD's communications to Lord STANLEY during the past year, although they are not discourteous in language, indicate a determined purpose to keep old quarrels open for contingent use. The diplomatic audacity which enables Mr. SEWARD to boast of the conduct of his Government to the Fenian conspirators could never have been developed in Europe. The PRESIDENT and Congress vied with each other in compliments to the most disreputable leaders of the proposed insurrection, and Fenian regiments are every day allowed to parade in arms through some of the principal cities of the United States. It is useless to argue with an adversary who is resolved neither to be soothed nor convinced. For some time past, however, there has been a subsidence of the ostentatious hostility with which all American factions on occasion reciprocate the goodwill and unfeeling courtesy of England.

THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.

THE telegram of Wednesday last, affirming that the captive had been liberated by THEODORE, gave reason in several points to suspect its authenticity. Though professing to come from the British Embassy at Constantinople, no confirmation of it was received at the Foreign Office. It was inconsistent with the previous telegram of the same day which assured us that the EMPEROR was still separated by the rebels from his captives, and consequently could not dispose of them. It gave neither the date nor the authority of the information. Lastly, we may mention that a rumour of the liberation of the captives was floating in the City on Tuesday evening, and this might go some way towards suggesting that the City was the birthplace of the telegram. The information which has since been received at the Foreign Office unfortunately confirms these misgivings, and it is now scarcely possible to hope that Wednesday's telegram had any foundation whatever. At all events it would be rash in the extreme to imagine that we might venture to suspend our interest in the expedition and in the land of its destination.

Many interesting books have been written about Abyssinia which under present circumstances have been widely read, and the public knows much more about that obscure region just now than ever it did before. It might therefore be expected that those who volunteer advice and information in the public press on the subject would at least take steps to be a little better versed in it than the average reader. Far from that, however, they seem to think the slightest experience or the most superficial reading about any part of the quarter of the globe in which Abyssinia is situated well worthy of being recorded for the benefit of the Government and the invading force. Nile travellers, and dwellers on the west coast of Africa, proffer opinions which are about as valuable in this case as those of a tourist in Spain would be respecting a campaign in Russia. Guinea-worms and tape-worms, poisonous flies, "gorgons and hydras and chimæras dire," bad climate and want of water, figure largely in the vaticinations of these soothsayers, who contradict each other on all points, and who seem to have evolved the idea of the destined theatre of war partly from their own consciousness, partly from their experiences in totally different parts of the African continent. Most of them, preferring the assertion of a mistaken predecessor to the trouble of inspecting the map for themselves, rest their calculations on the false ground that Abyssinia is only to be reached through three hundred miles of jungle or desert. One inquirer, whose private researches have made him aware that there is such a book as HARRIS'S *Highlands of Ethiopia*, thinks it necessary to communicate this not altogether unknown fact in a letter to the *Times*. Meanwhile, anybody sufficiently in earnest in the matter to get the subject up with ordinary care will find, without much trouble, sufficient means of forming a distinct idea of the land in question, and its inhabitants.

Abyssinia is an elevated table-land studded with mountains and rocky pinnacles, between which lie fertile valleys and broad forests, and it stands like a green island in the midst of the African deserts. All round it is a mountain wall that looks on the map like a surrounding cliff; and indeed there would seem to be other signs, as well as the conformation of its boundary, that the Red Sea once covered the space between the eastern barrier and the present shore, for a great part of the region still resembles, in its deep chasms, sand-flats, and frightful barrenness, the bed of the ocean. But the line of the highlands is not parallel to the margin of the sea, which it approaches much more nearly at Massowah and Annesley Bay than elsewhere. Nothing that can properly be called desert forms an obstacle to an advance from this part of the coast, for every march can be timed so as to halt amidst verdure, shelter, and water. At Massowah, and along the shore of the bay, the water is deep, and suitable for landing; transports could there ride in security; and joining these facts to the circumstance, so all-important, that the strip of intervening space between the sea and the highlands is here at its minimum, we cannot but infer that, of all the possible starting-points which have been indicated, this offers most advantages, and will be selected, unless Colonel MEREWETHER can show more proof than we have yet met with in support of his opinion that Amphila Bay is to be preferred. Suakin, higher up the Red Sea, has found an advocate in Sir SAMUEL BAKER, whose preference seems to be founded on the single fact that he has himself advanced from that point, not into Abyssinia, but towards the Nile. Now, supposing an army to have advanced from Suakin to Kassala—a very marked and important point on the route, to which it must be transported on camels across the Nubian desert—it would leave behind it a long line of most precarious and costly communication with the sea, and would still be as far

from THEODORE and his prisoners as if it were at once set down at Massowah. Tajurrah, another seaport considerably to the southward, is separated from the nearest part of the highlands by a wide expanse of desert, so pestilential, so impenetrable, so devoid of water, and so beset with all the obstacles that an insupportable climate and malignant inhabitants can interpose, that it may be at once rejected as impracticable for a base. We shall therefore assume that Massowah or the head of Annesley Bay, or both these places, will be the points of debarkation.

All travellers who have visited Massowah agree that it is among the most unhealthy parts of the globe's surface. Fierce ultra-tropical heat, numerous climatic diseases, and a barren soil, combine to render it dangerous to Europeans, while the absence of water, which is brought in scanty supply, and of bad quality, from a village at some distance, completes the objections against the establishment of a camp in its neighbourhood. In selecting it for a base, therefore, sufficient preparation should be made to enable the troops to march forward, immediately on landing, to the high ground which intervenes between this place and the table-land. To the westward are seen, forty or fifty miles off, the mountains that bound Abyssinia, and many routes lead thither from Massowah and the head of the bay, several of which might be used for expedition and greater freedom of movement. Soon after leaving Massowah we hear of plenty of wood and water—roads, though difficult, yet "practicable for camels and even artillery," "running water found continually," "the hills dotted with dense wood and high grass," "the heat (in April) by no means excessive." Next we find "a steep ascent unsuited to draught artillery, easy enough for mules carrying mountain guns, but difficult for laden camels, unless having light burdens." The plateau being reached, there appeared "hills densely clothed with verdure," and "a finer or richer country than this could not be desired." Such is Colonel MEREWETHER's report of an excursion made last spring, no doubt with a view to the present expedition. In January he struck off towards the mountains in another direction, making for Adowa by Ailet, "a fine plain covered with rich verdure," "an excellent place to locate a large body of cavalry on first landing, there being plenty of wood, water, forage, and meat," with "a perennial spring on the left side of the valley." Evidently there is no obstacle then to the movement of troops into the temperate region of the highlands, which may easily be accomplished, by several paths, in four marches. The first care of the commander of the expedition will probably be to establish thus far from the sea a fortified camp enclosing space for considerable magazines of supplies. And the collection of these, as well as the transport of the field artillery, will be greatly accelerated by such improvements in the road as could easily be made by a band of pioneers, for all accounts go to prove that in that country roads may be mended, and even created, with unusual facility.

Planted with his army on the plateau, in a cool and temperate region, with supplies at hand sufficient for the next stages in the campaign, and Massowah with its heat and pestilences far below him, the general may look forward with a lightened heart. Yet many difficulties must still remain to be overcome before he can attain any kind of decisive success. Not the least of these is the difficulty of fixing on any point in the country as that in which success is absolutely to be found. Here is no capital, to seize which will be to hold a sure guarantee for compelling the foe to yield; no fortress, to cut him off from which will be to ruin him; not even an army, with the defeat of which his obstinacy might give way; but a desperate chief, hemmed in by his own revolted subjects, and standing at bay with forces daily diminishing. It may be fairly doubted whether, for the accomplishment of our object, it would not be preferable to see him restored to his former power, offering to us tangible successes and substantial means of enforcing his submission. Certainly it is not easy to imagine that one in his situation will be influenced, as some sanguine people seem to suppose, by the threat that we are about to add to the number of his already overwhelming foes. Of the politics of the revolted chiefs we know nothing. Any attempt to play one off against another can only be founded on coarse appeals to the mercenary nature of a savage. Fidelity to engagements contracted on such grounds can only be insured by fresh bribes; and we can never be sure that jealousy of the foreigner may not prevail over internal dissensions, and unite all in a league against us. Meanwhile there is something almost ludicrous in the disproportion between the means we are amassing—the thousands of disciplined troops, the scientific arms, the costly vessels, the droves of transport animals which will darken the Abyssinian pastures—and the object of rescuing a few

captives from the broken power of this bankrupt despot. So glaring indeed seems the discrepancy, so unusual this complete and lavish preparation for any English military enterprise, that, if these were days when fresh conquests were deemed desirable, we might almost suspect that the functions of this formidable expedition would not cease with the attainment of its ostensible object, but that a new and by no means unprofitable colony would be added to our empire. Nevertheless all this considerable force will be needed, not indeed to fight, for the *coup de grâce* may probably be given to THEODORE by an advanced guard of cavalry, but to protect the long line of communications on which our troops must be, to all appearance, absolutely dependent. The country is productive in a high degree of food and forage and cattle, sustenance for man and beast; but the incessant wars of the present and former reigns have restricted the labours of the rural population to the raising of what is indispensable for their own support, and within these few years extensive famines have prevailed in many districts. Even were the crops and herds as abundant as they might be, the absence of roads would still render them in a great degree unavailable to an invading force. Large depôts must therefore from time to time be established, fortified, and garrisoned; and between these, and the sea on one side, the army on the other, long convoys must pass which must be strongly escorted, for even in a district that calls itself friendly it would be impossible to say how long the most virtuous ally could resist the temptation offered by an ungarrisoned train of stores, or how far a population that considers the art of plunder a necessary part of a liberal education could be induced, by mere principle, to restrain its cupidity. A large part of the force must therefore be employed in protecting the long line between the army and the sea, any interruption of which would produce serious inconvenience. Besides the enormous burden of transport, the condition of the roads will be another cause of anxiety. There is nothing in the country that resembles a highway; even the great caravan-road to Gondar is in parts a mere sheep-track, overgrown with thorns, and winding in places through narrow and precipitous passes. These will be the real obstacles, and not the climate, which is undoubtedly healthy; nor the heat, which, according to BRUCE and HARRIS, never falls below 50° nor rises above 85°. But, in spite of all difficulties, we should have little doubt that the expedition would succeed could we but feel certain of what would constitute success. It must be admitted that ten thousand regular troops, with cavalry, artillery, and all munitions of war, led by an experienced General, will appear a very disproportionate escort to restore to us a dozen or so of rescued captives. We would fain hope, therefore, if it were still possible to hope, that the expedition might be rendered unnecessary by the attainment of our object in a simpler way. Nevertheless, if it is to take place, there are other considerations besides the support of our reputation, which may help to reconcile us to the cost. To restore order and peace, and plant the seeds of civilization, in so fair a portion of the earth, would be an honourable task. The interests of science, too, would be furthered, for we may expect that the spirit which urged French savants to accompany NAPOLEON to Egypt would induce our naturalists and geographers to seize the opportunity of studying a region so rich in interest and so imperfectly known. And though we cannot expect to earn much glory, yet the General and the troops that penetrate to Bergemedar will have learnt a most valuable lesson in the difficult art of supplying an army.

MR. BEALES AND THE LEAGUE.

THAT Mr. BEALES and his little knot of obscure agitators should wish to perpetuate their temporary notoriety is perfectly intelligible; nor is it surprising that Mr. BRIGHT should think it expedient to keep a convenient instrument within reach. It is unfortunately impossible to deny that the Reform League, with its menaces of violence and its mob meetings, exercised a definite influence over the deliberations of Parliament. The rude symbol of physical force affected the imaginations of many who had been slow to appreciate the arguments of reforming statesmen. The Constitution of 1832 had resisted the assaults of Lord RUSSELL and his political allies, but it perished, *postquam cerdonibus esse timendus caperat*, when the most contemptible brawlers on platforms found an opportunity of joining in the attack. Any club or league which can contrive for a time to identify itself with a popular movement enjoys an importance which may be utterly disproportionate to the pretensions of its members. Mr. BEALES and his associates were distinguished neither by eloquence nor by power of reasoning, but

in the summer of 1866 they suddenly found themselves able to exercise a kind of intimidation which might easily have become formidable. The League had previously existed for two or three years, but, as it had never enrolled a respectable politician among its leaders, its meetings and debates failed to attract even the most superficial observation. Mr. LOWE's injudicious taunts against the alleged indifference of the working-classes to Reform produced a feeling of irritation which made the fortune of the BEALES and the DICKSONS. The assemblage of large bodies of persons in the streets of a great city is so utterly incompatible with public security that the ringleaders of a London mob cannot safely be despised. The moderation of the English character has prevented or postponed the ordinary results of an appeal from Council-chambers and Parliaments to the streets, and prudent statesmen will waive a certain amount of dignity and self-respect for the sake of avoiding collisions which might be fatal to good government and liberty. The BEALES of Paris have, in the course of eighty years, overthrown three or four Governments; and finally they have deprived themselves and their countrymen of the right of meeting, as well as of nearly all political franchises. It may be a question whether it is better to be governed by an absolute ruler or by a Reform League, and those who attempt to raise the issue may justly be denounced as public enemies; but boils and eruptions sometimes indicate constitutional derangement, and they may serve a useful purpose if they suggest an internal treatment which removes at the same time the organic cause and the visible nuisance.

At present there are some imperfect grounds for hoping that the parasitic growth of agitation may wither with the disappearance of the theoretical anomalies on which it fed. The working-classes, having secured the control of the borough constituencies, are not likely to listen to declamation against every residuary grievance which may be discovered by the ingenuity of the Reform League Council. The questionable device of splitting the representation of a few large constituencies into unequal sections is objectionable rather in principle than on account of its probable effect on the relative strength of political parties. The clamour for the Ballot is thoroughly artificial, inasmuch as the supporters of the Reform League are for the most part eager to display their antagonism to capitalists and employers. Deputations from Trades' Unions are not in the habit of wearing masks or of blacking their faces when they require of masters the dismissal of foremen and apprentices, or the disuse of economical machinery. If the Ballot is really popular, it will be adopted by the reformed House of Commons; nor is it improbable that it may be at least tacitly supported by its former opponents. It must be obvious to the dullest artisan that the proposed objects of agitation are mere afterthoughts, invented for the purpose of justifying the continued existence of the League. It was not worth while to create an entirely new constituency if the House of Commons is still to require the aid of a voluntary club; nor is it probable that the leaders of the League are regarded by their followers with attachment or respect.

The precedents of successful agitation conducted by political associations are, on the whole, encouraging. The Catholic Association ceased to exist after the passing of the Relief Bill, although O'CONNELL, during the remainder of his career, frequently organized political clubs which were to some extent formed of the same materials. The Corn-law League made strenuous efforts to retain the power which it had exercised in the pursuit of its original object, and Mr. COBDEN himself at first commenced two or three abortive agitations, in the hope of working his old plant and stock for purposes of political profit. Gradually the Corn-law League dwindled into a local election club, and in its degenerate character it accumulated upon itself a large amount of merited unpopularity. It was mainly owing to the odium attached to the Rump of the League that Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. GIBSON were ejected from the representation of Manchester, and that South Lancashire, to the general surprise, proved itself a Conservative constituency. The Reform League is distinguished from its predecessors by a total absence of intellectual superiority, and Mr. BEALES resembles O'CONNELL and COBDEN only in the fact of having done his work. It will not be a subject for regret if two or three of the noisiest promoters of the agitation are absorbed into the House of Commons, and perhaps ultimately shelved in moderately lucrative offices; but it is not absolutely impossible that the Reform League may become a permanent source of mischief if its leaders adopt the advice of Mr. MILL. The American machinery of elections is exclusively manipulated by professional politicians of the order of Mr. BEALES and Mr. DICKSON. The unwieldy

constituencies are incapable of choosing candidates for themselves, and the majority in each district can only exert its strength by giving a blind support to the nominees of a self-elected coterie. One of the consequences of the system is an habitual disregard of personal qualifications, and the practical exclusion from legislative and executive duties of the most eligible members of the community. It is a smaller, and yet not inconsiderable, evil that enormous sums are spent in political corruption, in the form of assessments levied for electioneering purposes on the richer adherents of every party. Mr. MILL recommends the Council of the Reform League to assume the functions of an American political committee, and his advice will be eagerly followed if the newly enfranchised voters show a readiness to submit to external influence. So little is known of the future rulers of England that it is impossible to say whether artisans will display the impatience of organized intrigue which has been a creditable quality of the middle classes. The despotic power of Trades' Unions proves that working-men prefer their own supposed interests to freedom, but, as electors, the same persons may possibly learn to pride themselves on independent action.

Unless the Council of the Reform League finds itself able to manipulate elections for factious purposes, its occupation is gone. If the anticipations of both the friends and enemies of Reform are not signally falsified, the future House of Commons, whatever may be the character of its members, will for a time at least find itself more powerful than the existing body which represents a more limited constituency. Agitators who affect to dictate to Parliament in the name of the multitude will be reminded that two millions of householders have the power of expressing their opinions by their own representatives; and the assertion of independence can only be overborne by the superior authority of those who may be able to control elections. It is not worth while to discuss the motives or the doctrines of professional agitators. A President of a political League probably persuades himself, like almost all other human beings, that his conduct admits of some kind of excuse or justification. As his occupation cannot, in conformity with the spirit of English institutions, be suppressed by law, it only remains to render it, if possible, innocuous by means of judicious legislation. The Reform Bill of the last Session has the undoubted merit of having deprived the BEALES club of any legitimate pretext for existence; and possibly it may in its further operation tend to restrict the activity of irregular political associations. It is not surprising that the agitators should make desperate efforts to retain their notoriety, by disturbing a tranquillity which would be fatal to their occupation. Two or three of the Reform League orators have lately visited Dublin for the officious purpose of organizing an opposition to the Irish Reform Bill which is to be introduced in the next Session of Parliament. The English missionaries will probably find that their presence is not required in the secular home of discontent. Demagogues are for the most part jealous of intrusive rivals; and Ireland has never wanted loud voices to proclaim her numerous wrongs. Where Mr. BRIGHT was but coldly received Mr. BEALES and Mr. ERNEST JONES cannot reasonably expect an enthusiastic welcome. The exploit of pulling down the Hyde Park railings is not sufficiently picturesque to stir the Irish imagination; and, in boasting that he nearly caused the streets of London to run with blood, Mr. BEALES only proves that he is a vulgar blusterer when he wishes to assume the character of a gigantic criminal.

AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY.

POLITICAL exiles have always been standing witnesses to the truth of the commonplace that prosperity is harder to bear than adversity. An amnesty tries the temper more surely than banishment. It must be an unusually elastic mind that can throw aside grievances which have absorbed it for years, and accommodate itself to a turn of fortune which, if it were ever desired, has long ceased to be expected. Nor is the process made easier by the fact that the change has been brought about by the exile's own party. Ten or twenty years will so revolutionize the politics of a country that a man who has borne no part in the intermediate events seems almost as far removed from his friends as from his foes. New combinations have been formed for the furtherance of new ends; and a fresh generation of politicians has insensibly adapted itself to conditions which have been developed since the days of its predecessors. It is natural enough, therefore, that M. KOSSUTH should look with a jaundiced eye on the recent Hungarian triumph. The victory is not only one in which he has had no

share; it is one which could never have been gained at all if his principles had been adhered to. M. KOSSUTH stands to Hungary in much the same relation as that in which M. MAZZINI stands to Italy. The independence proclaimed by the one, and the unity preached by the other, have been gained by their respective countries in forms so different from those of which their first projectors dreamed that to them they seem no longer worth the having. M. MAZZINI, indeed, has shown himself far more of a statesman than M. KOSSUTH. So long as he thought that the welfare of Italy could be promoted by the aggrandizement of the House of Savoy, he was content to suppress his distrust of monarchical institutions. The fact that he no longer uses his influence to keep the Republican party inactive is due to his conviction that VICTOR EMANUEL has been tried and found wanting. If M. MAZZINI had been the counterpart of M. KOSSUTH, he would have done his best to break up the Italian Kingdom at the moment of its formation in 1859. It is just when the position of Hungary is most critical, when the discussion of her relations with Austria most needs reserve and caution, when her real friends would be most fearful of endangering by a false or hasty move the permanence of the position she has won, that M. KOSSUTH comes forward to prove that in exile Republicans, as well as Kings, may learn nothing and forget nothing. After an interval of eighteen years Hungary has, for the first time, been in a position to make her own terms with Austria; and M. KOSSUTH's one regret is that she has not refused to make any terms at all. In the responsible Ministry which she has obtained for the conduct of her own internal matters he can see nothing but a "mere provincial administration." The concession of an equal voice on common affairs with the delegates of the other half of the Empire he calls an "amalgamation with the Austrian monarchy." And, as he looks at the "terrible prospect" of a united Empire, he feels that the heroes of 1849 "would moan in their graves if they could be made aware that a Hungarian Diet has sanctioned such monstrous sacrifices of right." Fortunately for the peace of the departed, the original uncertainty whether they know what the action of the Diet has been is complicated by a further uncertainty whether, if they do, they would share in M. KOSSUTH's condemnation of it.

Unless M. KOSSUTH has wholly lost the faculty of political vision, he must have reached a point at which the future welfare of his country has become altogether subordinate to the gratification of past hatred. It is hardly conceivable that he can seriously believe in the possibility of an Hungarian State, severed from all connexion, personal or legislative, with the Austrian Empire, and maintaining itself against all comers by its own internal strength. Such a castle in the air had always its full share of the improbability usually attaching to those ideal structures. But this improbability has been indefinitely increased by the remarkable Pan Slavist movement which has been lately organizing itself throughout Eastern Europe. The recent action of the Croatian Diet is some index to the difficulties which M. KOSSUTH would have to encounter in the realization of such a scheme. It is more likely, however, that it is to the destructive side of this project that he feels himself most drawn. Though it would certainly fail to strengthen Hungary, it might be relied on with equal assurance to ruin Austria; and it may be fairly assumed that this has now become the chief end of M. KOSSUTH's life. The reference he makes in his letter to the electors of Waitzen, to the "skillfully propagated fear of Russia," clearly points to this. In Austria there is no need to "propagate" fears of Russia. They grow up and come to maturity of themselves. Since the war in the Crimea, Russia has not been inclined to love Austria over much; and, where Russia is concerned, the temptation of obtaining an increase of territory at a neighbour's expense would be sufficient to conquer a much stronger friendship. In what light Russia regards the question may be best gathered from the proceedings at Moscow the other day, and from the encouragement she has given to the increasing agitation in the Slavonic provinces of Austria. The Pan Slavist movement embraces several nations, and wears many forms; but there is a purpose running through it which serves to give unity to the whole. Whoever loses by it, Russia must gain. Even the pursuit of a united Germany threatens to end in the establishment of a united Prussia; and in this case the chances of avoiding such a consummation were much stronger than any which can be found in the parallel instance. There was a Germany in being apart from Prussia, though it has not succeeded brilliantly in maintaining its separate existence. But there is no real Slavonia in being apart from Russia, and, to do the agitators justice, they are above pretending to create one. It is quite possible, however, that in the satisfaction of humili-

ating Austria M. KOSSUTH would find full compensation for the subjection of Hungary to Russia. Fortunately for the future of Europe, he is not likely to carry his countrymen with him in this preference. The case of the Poles shows that even community of race is not an indefeasible title to Russian forbearance; and the Magyars could scarcely expect to come off with any happier results from a similar contact.

It cannot be said, however, that the difficulties attending the reconciliation of Hungary with Austria have altogether disappeared. Indeed, in one important respect neither of the parties concerned have as yet thoroughly faced them. Constitutional independence has been recognised at Pesth and at Vienna, and the Diet and the Reichsrath have agreed upon a machinery by which to transact the business common to the two Assemblies. But it is quite certain that the cumbrous arrangement of two separate delegacies, which can only combine under certain prescribed circumstances, and then only to vote, not to speak, must break down under the first business of importance with which it has to deal. It is as though the ultimate decision upon all subjects of Imperial moment rested with a conference of the Lords and the Commons, in which the managers on each side would be unable to give the reasons for their vote. Up to this time, however, there seems to be a fixed dislike on the part both of the Diet and the Reichsrath to any approach to a Federal Legislature. That the supreme representative body in Austria must ultimately assume this form, if all the several parts which compose the Empire are to live in peace and contentment, is becoming more and more probable; and it would puzzle a political philosopher to suggest any other method by which to reconcile the conflicting requirements of national independence and Imperial strength. But this prospect has at present no charms for either Hungarians or Germans. The Germans have been accustomed to rule, and though necessity has compelled them to give up the substance of authority, they are unwilling to surrender its form. The Hungarians have but just regained their separate organization, and they have no wish that the first act of their restored Legislature should be to join in creating a superior authority to which on all important questions it would have to bow. While Austria remains weak, a necessity imperious enough to bear down these feelings is hardly likely to arise. But as soon as she gains strength enough to make the direction of her foreign policy a matter of paramount interest, the want of a representative body which can speak the sentiments and control the resources of the whole Empire will certainly be at once felt, and, it may be hoped, at once remedied.

LORD ABERCORN ON IRISH PROSPECTS.

THE existence of such bodies as the Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland is attended with benefits greater than those which similar associations in England produce. Not that they are useless in England. But their usefulness in Ireland is heightened by the contrast of the surrounding circumstances of the country. In England these societies bring great peers, country gentlemen, and tenant-farmers together; they effect a temporary fusion of different ranks and grades and fortunes; they give an opportunity for what is called "ventilating" theories about crops, ploughs, and manures. In Ireland they do all this, and something more than this. They bring together different ranks and parties; and also different creeds, both of politics and religion. They bring together the Protestant and the Romanist peer, and the country gentleman along with the Romanist grazier or farmer. They also bring into contact the Protestant tenant-farmer of Ulster and his Romanist compeer of Munster. And this, in a country supposed to be torn by religious factions, and by political factions whose root of bitterness is in religion, is no small thing. They bring together men of hereditary and demonstrative loyalty with men whose faith in their country's institutions is but faint, and whose loyalty seeks for some sign to confirm it. They bring all these classes together, and give them an opportunity of getting some common notions of the prospects and progress of their common country. After-dinner statistics may not, indeed, be wholly unassailable, but at any rate they are not likely to be flagrantly inaccurate; and there is always more probability of the truth than of the falsehood of statements relating to the special object which has drawn together several persons following the same pursuits and sharing the same interests.

The recent Irish Agricultural Meeting, in addition to other advantages, had the advantage of the LORD-LIEUTENANT'S presence. As an Irishman, Lord ABERCORN naturally desires the material prosperity of his native land; as a great land-

owner, he as naturally is interested in its agricultural fortunes; while, as its executive chief, he must equally wish to see his Vice-regal reign illustrated by an improvement in the social and material condition of his province. It cannot therefore have been without due precaution and preparation that His EXCELLENCY laid before the Society the statistical details which give importance to his speech; nor can it have been without a feeling of thankfulness and self-gratulation that many of his audience heard them. Interesting as these were in a peculiar degree to the company addressed, they are by no means without their use and instruction to ourselves. The various facts which he cited are important to the agricultural and the social theorist. But there is in their general character an element of interest entirely distinct from the special value of the details themselves. It is satisfactory to find that, while many persons in England imagine that Irishmen have nothing else to do but spout, wrangle, and rebel about Fenian Centres and Irish Republics, the subversion of one Church and the substitution of another, and a general redistribution of property, there is a very large body of the people prosecuting its normal industry without regard to politics, sowing and reaping, fattening cattle and exporting them, making money and saving it, without the slightest care for the predominance of either Church, or the slightest wish to introduce a new Landlord and Tenant law, or the remotest notion of substituting O'DONOVAN ROSSA in the place of Queen VICTORIA. It is the grand mischief of factious conflicts that, in the haze and mist which they raise, they confound the proportions of the essential and the unessential, and leave their relative magnitudes to be assigned by the noisy, the credulous, and the silly. It is a great boon, therefore, for ordinary folks when they can get a statement which has not been distorted by the instruments and for the purposes of party.

LORD ABERCORN'S picture of Ireland as she is by no means one of uniform rose-colour. He does not shrink from giving the shade as well as the sunshine. There is still a heavy weight of pauperism brooding over the land. During the last winter and spring no fewer than 78,000 souls were dependent on in-door and out-door relief—an amount greater than the average of the four preceding years. At the present moment, despite the genial influences of the summer and the harvest, there are 63,000 persons receiving relief as paupers. This is not a very cheerful fact. But its gloom comes entirely from the contrast which it presents to the condition of the last four years. There have been years anterior to these in which, as LORD ABERCORN shows, the proportion of those who received relief was greater than it is now. And he explains the present state of things by the last cold autumn and the bitter winter which followed it. He is probably right in the main. Another cause may be found in the excessive emigration of the young and strong, who have left the old and feeble to the mercies of the parishes and the Poor Law. If this be so, the diminution of emigration will ensure the diminution of the applicants for relief; and during the past half-year the emigration has decreased. Sixty-six thousand emigrated in the first six months of 1866, whereas only forty-eight thousand emigrated in the first six months of 1867. On the other hand, there are countervailing facts which a sanguine patriot will gladly welcome. There were nearly 19,000,000*l.* of Bank Stock in the Bank of Ireland for the half-year ending in June, 1867, exceeding the returns of the whole of the year 1866 by 170,000*l.* A more signal proof of increased acquisition and saving is afforded by the deposits in the joint-stock banks, the returns of which show for the last half-year an increase of 200,000*l.* over the whole year 1866, and of 1,800,000*l.* over 1865. Added to this, the deposits in the Post-office Savings' Banks show a progressive increase, since the year 1862, at the rate of 34,000*l.* a year. Again, the purely agricultural returns present notable features. The cattle trade thrives more and more every year. The number exported last year was 579,000, as compared with 345,000 exported in 1863 and 195,000 exported in 1850. This means that Ireland is exporting cattle to the amount of nearly 9,000,000*l.* annually. All these facts are cheering. They confirm the impression which a merely cursory observation makes on every one who revisits the sister island at periodical intervals. There is a decided improvement in the condition of many classes in Ireland; there is a decided increase in the agricultural and pastoral wealth of Ireland. People who used not formerly to make money make it now. People who were not accustomed to save money save it now. The Bank of Ireland, the joint-stock banks, and the Post-office Savings' Banks all prove this. At the same time it must be conceded and regretted that this increase of prosperity has not penetrated deeper, and

has not permeated every class. We must deplore the causes which produce so large an emigration of the young, the hale, and the active, and which leave over 70,000 souls dependent on poor-rates. We must lament, until we can explain, the fatality which diminishes the cultivation of land while the herds and flocks which that cultivation should nurture are sensibly increasing. Probably on this point LORD ABERCORN may have been misled by the dates up to which the reports have been made; and it may turn out that the large area named by him has not been, in fact, exclusively consigned to producing grass. Unfortunately it is as easy to explain as to deplore the feeling which induces persons to hoard their money in banks rather than invest it in mercantile or industrial speculations. Those Irishmen who have anything to lose are quite satisfied of the general ability of the existing Government to protect property, but they know that this is not sufficient to encourage commercial speculation. The establishments of the country may be safe enough, and the money stored in them free from peril; but who will embark in any enterprise which requires capital and labour, when the ordinary course of commercial business may be at any moment interrupted by a threatened rising, and artisans be drafted off to take part in overt sedition? This is just the condition of those sections of the middle-classes whose thrift, industry, and luck have enabled them to make money by the ordinary prosecution of their various crafts and callings. They are too shrewd not to recognise the power of the Government, with its soldiery and its police, to protect banks and other reservoirs of accumulated earnings against the predatory efforts of a proletarian rebellion. But they are also shrewd enough to see that no new enterprises—no new manufactures, for example—can be expected to flourish amidst the feverish symptoms of undeveloped disaffection. So long as the bulk of the half-educated and half-employed Irish are labouring under a *malaise* which they cannot explain even to themselves, so long as they nourish the conviction that they ought to be a separate nation, and that alien succours can give them what they want, so long will it be dangerous to plant any new species of industrial enterprise in any but a small portion of Ireland.

It is the consideration of this state of things which gives interest and importance to such Associations as that of which we are speaking, and to such statistics as we have quoted. Whatever tends to augment the fortunes tends also to augment the number, still too small, of the Irish middle-classes. And whatever augments the number of the Irish middle-class provides additional securities against the risks of political disquiet. It would be of incalculable benefit to Ireland if a large, industrious, thrifty middle-class could be created in every county. Its existence would open up new kinds of employment for the shambling, lazy, devil-may-care, unprofitable youngsters who now dawdle away their time behind counters and office-desks, and look to Fenianism as a career. It would also bring into useful exercise the strength and energies of those half-famished loafers who lounge about the forlorn streets of squalid towns, unable perhaps to find work, but certainly not ashamed to beg. It would rear a barrier of independence equally against the servility which crouches before power, and against the insolence which defies law. But whence such an increment of this class is to come, and what is to expand it, Heaven only knows. The makings of it are not as yet in the ordinary city Irishman whom the passing tourist meets; decidedly not in the average Dublin or Cork tradesman, who must leave his business at 4 P.M. to amuse himself, and who is ashamed of it while he professes to mind it. Yet there must be the makings of this class somewhere. Or whence comes the increase in the pasture farms, the exports of cattle, and the deposits in joint-stock banks and Post-office Savings' Banks? Whence the increase in the manufacturing energy and capital of Ulster? Whence the handsome villas and terraced gardens which fringe the beautiful Bay of Dublin? All these evidences of industry and wealth inspire the hope that the class will grow, and with it the prosperity of Irishmen. Meanwhile LORD ABERCORN is as fortunate in having such welcome facts to tell his fellow-agriculturists, as he is just in drawing the obvious contrast between the general manliness of the Irish artisans and that class of English operative which is typified by the Sheffield Unions.

TRIFLES.

AT the season when all people who can manage it are idle with a good conscience, when our sea-girt isle is, so to say, fringed with triflers for the time being, who on principle amuse themselves at the smallest expense and effort to mind and body, with a delibe-

rate preference for trifles—for novels that are soonest forgotten, for diversions that raise no excitement, for lounges of sleepy observation into things and doings of little moment in themselves and of still less to the observer—the question of trifling and of trifles naturally suggests itself, whether in contempt or justification, or simply as a matter of speculation. There is no word that people use with less doubt as to its meaning than “trifle.” The poet, the preacher, the frivolous, the uneducated equally agree on a trifle being a thing of no weight or value. Trifles light as air, trifles the sum of human things, the reign of trifles, *Vive la Bagatelle*, “a trifle from Brighton”—all show familiarity with the idea; but the question is, what truly answers this description? What is a trifle? Weigh this question with sufficient deliberation and we may soon come to doubt whether, in all its aspects, there is such a thing as a trifle at all. In fact it can only be such in its relation to other things; that is, no trifle is a trifle to everybody. It is the occasion of thought, or it has cost thought, or it has its grave side in some direction. Whether it be a farthing, or a toy, or a soap-bubble, or Katharine’s sleeve snipped this way or that; or something more evanescent still—a poem on a pin-cushion, a fantastic form of etiquette, a conundrum, a passing meaningless compliment, an empty transient flirtation—everything that can be named is of importance to somebody. It is important either from necessity, or from the mental conformation of him who so regards it, and whose interests are so finite and minute that accidents and trifles are the only things on which he can lay hold with any tenacity.

Obviously it is a felicity of life to be able to regard many things as trifles, assuming that the judgment can discriminate truly. The mind is strong and well balanced that can distinguish between what is of the essence of a question and what are immaterial adjuncts. The fortune is easy that can afford to hold its possessions loosely as trifles. In money matters, almost every income has a sum which the owner can legitimately regard as a trifle; but the difference in particular cases is infinite. The rich man is unwise who frets for the loss of a hundred, or it may be a thousand, pounds. Many a man has to keep up an appearance on a sum from which it is no trifle to lose half-a-crown. The great thing is to know a trifle when you see it, and not to waste seriousness upon it—to know it, not in the abstract, which it is not of much practical importance to determine, but in its relation to yourself. In such judicious recognition not a little of success in society, and perhaps in life too, depends. It may be said on behalf of trifles that some persons seem absolutely to need periodical repose among them. They find it good to rest the mind in a lazy contemplation of them, to strengthen the tissues of the overwrought faculties among these soulless things after every prolonged effort. The trifle may be avowedly and shamelessly useless in itself or in connexion with the man, or it may have a gloss of serious purpose; but to be of real utility, to fulfil its purpose to the weary thinker or worker, it must have no more reality than a dream. We have known a writer, heart and soul immersed in the mysteries of the Apocalypse, who might often be observed in rapt contemplation of the trivialities of shop windows; choosing for this exercise objects which seemed most at variance with the terrors of his theme, and which were no doubt efficacious to him in proportion as they afforded this contrast. After this and many similar experiences, it is impossible not to believe that trifles have a mission in the world, that they help to keep it sane and on its legs, and that a crusade against them, which seems to be many persons’ business, would be mischievous in proportion to its success. Fortunately they offer a downy resistance, as when one runs one’s head against a feather-bed, and the greater the violence of the attack at the moment, the larger crop of future trifles and triflers is the champion sowing. Every grand career, every conquest on a large scale over men’s rights, tastes, and tendencies, issues in a wholesale devotion to trifles. Either men are driven out of the field of great exploits, and so forced to trifle or die of despair, or, believing themselves true followers and imitators of their severe and lofty founder or teacher, they sink into trifles unconsciously. For no subject is so impressive or so awful but it has its adherent trifles, and people will fasten upon these with an avidity proportionate to their incompetence for larger views. Thus trifles are the natural refuge from austerities, and from all fears beyond the mind’s calibre; in some way or other these are smothered in them. Hence it is that we “make trifles of terrors,” as the Mexican confectioners disarm purgatory of its horrors by turning the image of death itself into a sweetmeat on All Souls’ Day, and exhibiting long grinning rows of sugar skulls for the children.

But, besides this involuntary propagation of trifles and the love of trifles, there is a way of utilizing them so as to serve a purpose. The triflers are no gainers morally by the process, but benevolence turns their weakness to account. A vast number of grave persons pass their time in ministering to the love of trifles in others, after the manner of the Quaker jeweller, who will not adorn his own coat with the vanity of a button, but fills his coffers through the weakness he despises. He is simply viewing the trifle from its serious side, as the serge-clad nun in her solitary cell cuts papers for bouquets, or wreaths artificial flowers for the brows of her worldly sisters. They are frivolous who buy them, but the poor through her are the gainers. A trifle or a vanity assumes with almost everybody an adventitious grandeur and importance, not by changing its own nature or its relation to those who are to use it, but in virtue of what is to be got by it. And this very justly in a great many instances. The omission of

the aspirate is considered by many a very trifling failing, interfering not at all with the judgment or mastery of any great national interest, still less with a good man’s holiest aspirations; but if a man is not listened to with deference who, treating of great questions, suffers under this trifling disqualification, it may be a trifle viewed in the abstract, or if the man lived where English was not spoken, but it becomes a matter of immense importance in fact.

Many good people adopt a sort of compromise on this point. They recognize the inevitable part which trifles must play in society, but they prefer to disguise them, as if ashamed of their unveiled triviality. Hence we see collections of things worthless in themselves and teaching nothing, but invested with the dignity of a pursuit, admitting of much empty talk and futile discussion, but yet with a flavour of art or science or learning about them which is supposed to redeem them from the dreaded reproach. Hence, too, in the stricter sort of circles we have a good deal of talk with a bearing on natural history—the facts questionable, the anecdotes puerile, the effect somewhat feeble; but the advantage being that the people so entertained think they keep clear of trifles. Even Jeremy Taylor seems to us to fall into this mistake when, in censuring the love of gossip, he sternly demands of the trifler, “What is it to you if your neighbour’s father was a Syrian or his grandmother illegitimate?” and recommends him instead to count the stars and find out whether their number is odd or even; as though this would not be the more frivolous inquiry of the two, if it were to end there.

All people have in their hearts a fear of being supposed to care about trifles, or to spend thought and time upon them, though no one can look into himself without being aware that for many trifles he does care a great deal. We are all so much in terror of one another that we doubt if there is any one who does not conceal from his nearest and dearest some employment or taste which is pleasant and comfortable to himself, but which he fears would lower him in others’ eyes. When Johnson would not tell Boswell what he did with his orange-peel he doubtless feared to sink in the eyes of his adorer. We assert this with tolerable confidence of everybody, and yet there are some persons who, if they do give way to anything frivolous, do so with closed doors and closed lips. It is possible that there may be in certain minds such a slow pace of thought that gravity and solidity have it all their own way, one necessary topic succeeding another in unbroken continuity. In some people we detect no gaps, no vacant intervals through which trivialities may rush in. These persons of slow imaginations and practical views have their part to play in society; they keep order, and hold nonsense in check. Although, however, they have a very decided opinion about the folly of trifles, their estimate of what is a trifle differs very materially from that of the ascetic or enthusiast. No detail, however minute, incurs this reproach with them which relates to externals, if only it is treated seriously. Dress, equipage, a well-ordered table, and the like, are things which cannot be kept up to their mark without a sedulous attention to small matters which some slur over as trifles, which others are ashamed of as trifles, but which these sober people discuss with weight as serious things, till the deferential listener begins to correct his own estimate by their standard. Persons who at once detect importance in things that we regard as slight or immaterial, and who denounce as trifles what we have a sneaking kindness for, are reasonable objects of respectful fear. They are an especial bugbear to the young and diffident who are apt to like their elders in proportion as they are tolerant of trifles. This is one of the charms of a first acquaintance with what they call clever people—men of social or literary distinction. We may be very sure that popular writers, for example, who make it their business to amuse the world, take a keen interest in an infinite number of very small things. And their admirers cannot be long in their company without acquiring perhaps even a surplus of courage in avowing their own likings and interest in trifles. The talk of literary men is sometimes really trifling and below their powers. It is so much less trouble to sympathize with society in its weaknesses than to raise it to unaccustomed efforts of thought; and it is pleasanter too, after a hard day’s work. Intellect will always tell, and these great wits have a way of doing things; they gild with humour frivolities which look no better than they are in other hands, but which remain frivolities all the same. And in this way the leisure of men of real power is sometimes far from improving to inferior minds, who acquire nothing but confidence in their own folly by the familiar and irreverent contact with genius.

Those trifles only are really demoralizing which make a man intent upon small, mean, and insignificant points that affect himself—his vanity, his ease, or his diversion—when he ought to be roused to great and general interests and to wider sympathies. The secluded beauty of Copinapo described by Basil Hall was probably a person of this order; she was so intent upon gaining a larger sphere for her fascinations that she declared herself to be thoroughly sick of earthquakes, which were taking up everybody’s attention from herself. She would never think of them again if she were once at dear Coquimbo—her world. Yet to seem utterly impervious to trifles need not imply anything better than this, or indeed essentially different from it. Public opinion, we know, exacts this affected superiority in the case of whole classes of persons. Nothing, for instance, would divert a Belgian priest’s eyes or feet from the straight path before him. We are not blaming those who are naturally absorbed in their own concern; but there is something priggish in the way in which some

people look superior to the scene around them, implying an inner posture of mind which might well be exchanged for a little reasonable trifling.

We must not forget to speak of solemn triflers, who are, in fact, the medium through which the very idea of trifles presents itself to many persons' experience. Whether the trifter shows his vein by giving immense importance to things that are utterly insignificant, to his own part in slight ceremonies and immaterial tasks—devoting hours when minutes would serve, finically exact where negligence is more graceful, and putting on a solemn countenance on light occasions where a smile is its proper livery—or whether, as a hero-worshipper, he invests everything said or done by one of the world's favourites with the weight of his whole character, common sense and good taste are equally offended. Haydon once found an admirer of Bentham lost in awe at the prodigious power and versatility of the philosopher's mind on the occasion of his proposing a reform in the handle of battle-axes. The foolish disciple was amazed at the spectacle of his master "taking in everything, like the elephant's trunk, which lifts alike a pin or a hundred pounds weight." Another form of solemn trifling is the pursuit of "vermicate questions," the exercise of the wit in endless amplications, and the labour of extracting something out of nothing, like that preacher who employed four months in developing the mystery of Joseph's coat to his congregation. In works of fiction we constantly find this tendency. It shows itself in giving trifles an abnormal importance, and making great events to hang upon them, in a way which the fancy can conceive, but which is contrary to all our experience. Especially we see this in the plots of religious and other didactic novels. The harrowed conscience of a heroine of this school, who had committed the sin of forgetting a message for five minutes, we have seen pictured in a strain of solemnity which beats every other form of grave trifling we could name.

Every age is guilty of its own unfairness in condemning things as trifles which are not such. Thus Addison considered a butterfly collector a type of the trifter, and Dr. Johnson goes near on one occasion to giving the same definition to the lovers of fine scenery. A real trifle strikes us as a short-lived soulless thing that leaves no trace of itself. The real trifter has no definite pursuit, no distinct taste or preference. Trifles that admit of classification, or that are taken up in the scientific spirit, lose their nature and ascend in the scale of importance. A grain of sand is a trifle; but a link in a chain, however minute, is another thing altogether.

UNEQUAL MARRIAGES.

ACUTE ladies who concern themselves much with the superficial social currents of the time are beginning to perceive, or at least to think that they perceive, a fatal and growing tendency to *mésalliances* on the part of men who ought to know better. They complain not merely of the doting old gentleman who has been a bachelor long enough to lose his wits, and so marries his cook or his housemaid, nor of the debauched young simpleton who takes a wife from a casino or the bar of a night-café. Actions of this sort are as common at one time as at another. Old fools and young fools maintain a pretty steady average. Their silly exploits are the issue, not of the tendencies of the age, but of their own individual and particular lack of wits. They do not affect the general direction of social feeling, nor have we any right to argue up from their preposterous connexions to the influences and conditions of the society of which they are only abnormal and irregular growths. What people mean, when they talk of an increase in the number of men who marry beneath them, is that men otherwise sensible and respectable and sober-minded perpetrate this irregularity in something like cold blood, and with a measure of deliberation. Whether observers who have formed this opinion are right, or are only anticipating their own apprehensions and alarms, is difficult to ascertain. A good deal depends on the accidental range of the observer's own acquaintances, and still more on their candour or discreet reticence. Besides, how are we to know how far one generation is worse than generations which have gone before it? Men are, after due time, forgiven for this defiance of social usage, and women who were barely presentable in youth become presentable enough by the time they reach middle age. People may seem to us to be very equally and justly mated who five-and-twenty years ago were the town's talk. It is practically impossible, therefore, to compare the actual number of unequal marriages in our day with those of a generation back. People may have their ideas, but verification is not to be had. All we can do is to estimate the increase in the conditions which are likely to make men find wives in a rank below their own. If we look at these, there may be a good many reasons for believing that the apprehensions of the shrewd and alarmed observers are not without justification.

When a wise man with a living or a name to make, or both, looks for a wife, he certainly does not desire a person who shall be troublesome and an impediment to him. He wants a cheerful, sensible, and decently thrifty person. He probably has no inclination for a bluestocking, nor for a lady with aggressive views on points of theology, nor for one who can beat him in political discussion. Strong intellectual power he can most heartily dispense with. But then, on the other hand, he has no fancy for sitting day after day at table with a rapid, flippant, frivolous, empty soul who can neither talk nor listen, who takes no interest in things herself and cannot understand why other people should take interest in

them, who is penetrated with feeble little egoisms. An aggressive woman with opinions about prevalent grace, or the advantages of female emigration, or the functions of the deaconess, would be far preferable to this. She would irritate, but she would not fill the soul with everlasting despair, as the pretty vapid creature does. To discuss predestination and election over dinner is not nice, but still less is it nice to have to make talk with a fool, and to be obliged to answer her according to her folly. As the education of modern girls of fashion chiefly aims at making them either very fast or very slow, it is not to be wondered at that men find it hard to realize their ideals among their equals in position. It is not merely that so many marriageable young ladies are ignorant. They are this, but they are more. They are exacting and pretentious, and uneducated in the worst sense, for they are ignorant how ignorant they are, or even that they are ignorant at all. Then there is a still more obvious, palpable, and impressive circumstance. A man with ordinary means looks with alarm on the too visible and too unbounded extravagance of the ladies from among whom he is expected to take a partner. The thought of the apparel, of the luxuries, of the attendants, of the restless moving about, to which they have been accustomed, fills him with deep consternation. He might perhaps deceive himself into thinking that he could get on very well with an empty-minded woman, but he cannot forget the stern facts of arithmetic, nor hoodwink himself as to what would be left out of his income after he had paid for dresses, servants, household charges, carriages, parties, Opera-boxes, travelling, and all the rest.

Besides the flippancy of so many women, and the extravagance of most women, arising from their inexperience of the trouble with which money is made and of the importance of keeping it after it has been made, there is something in the characteristics of modern social intercourse which makes men of a certain temper intensely anxious to avoid a sort of marriage which would, among other things, have the effect of committing them more deeply to this kind of intercourse. Such men shrink with affright from giving hostages to society for a more faithful compliance with its most dismal exactions. To them there is nothing more unendurable than the monotonous round of general hospitalities and ceremonials, ludicrously misnamed pleasure. A detestation of wearisome formalities does not imply any clownish or misanthropic reluctance to remember that those who feel it live in a world with other people, and that a thoroughly social life is the only just and full life. But there is all the difference between a really social life and a hollow phantasmic imitation of it. A person may have the pleasantest possible circle of friends, and may like their society above all things. This is one thing. But to have to mix much with numbers of thoroughly indifferent people, and in a superficial hollow way, is a very different thing. Of course, men who take life just as it comes, who are not very sedulous about making the most of it in their own way, and are quite willing to do all that their neighbours do just because their neighbours do it, find no annoyance in this. Men cast in another mould find, not only annoyance, but absolute misery. They know also that marriage with a woman who is in the full tide of society means an infinite augmentation of this round of tiresome and thoroughly useless ceremonies. Add this consideration to the two other considerations of elaborate vapidness and unfathomable extravagance, and you have three tolerably good arguments why a man with large discourse of reason, looking before and after, should be slow to fasten upon himself bonds which threaten to prove so leaden.

The faults of the women of his own position, however, are a very poor reason why he should marry a woman beneath his own position. A man must be very weak to believe that, because fine ladies are often inane and extravagant, therefore women who are not fine ladies must be wise, clever, prudent, and everything else that belongs to the type of companionable womanhood. The fact of the mistress being a blank does not prove that the maid would be a prize. It may be wise to avoid the one, but it is certainly folly to seek the other. Granting that the housemaid or the cook or the daughter of the coachman is virtuous, high-minded, refined, thoughtful, thrifty, and everything else that is desirable under the sun, all will fail to counterbalance the drawbacks that flow from the first inequality of position. The misguided husband believes that he is going to live a plain unsophisticated life, according to nature and common sense, in company with one whom the hollowness and trickiness of society has never infected. He is not long in finding out his irreparable blunder. The lady is not received. People do not visit her, and although one of his motives in choosing a sort of wife whom people do not visit was the express desire of avoiding visits, yet he no sooner gets what he wished than his success begins to make him miserable. What he expected to please him as a relief mortifies him as a slight. Even if he be unsympathetic enough in nature not to care much for the disapproval of his fellows, he will rapidly find that his wife is a good deal less of a philosopher in these points, and that, though he may relish his escape from the miseries of society, she will vigorously resent her exclusion from its supposed delights. Again, from another point of view, he is tolerably sure to find that the common opinion of society about unequal unions is not so unsound as he used scornfully to suppose it to be. The vapidness of a polite woman is bad, but the vapidness of a woman who is not polite is decidedly worse. A simpering unthinking woman with good manners is decidedly better than an unthinking woman with imperfect manners; and if polish can spoil nature among one set of people, certainly among another set nature may be as much spoiled by lack of polish. It does not

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follow, from a person being indifferently well-bred, that therefore she is profoundly wise and thoughtful and poetic, and capable of estimating the things of this world at their worth. Boys at college indulge in this too generous fallacy. For grown-up men there is less excuse. They ought to know that obscure uneducated women are all the more likely on that account to fall short of magnanimity, self-control, self-containing composure, than girls who have grown up with a background of bright and gracious tradition, however little their education may have done to stimulate them to make the foreground like it. To have a common past is the first secret of happy association—a past common in ideas, sentiments, and growth, if not common in external incidents. One reason why a cultivated man is wretched with a vapid woman is that she has not travelled over a yard of that ground of knowledge and feeling which has in truth made his nature what it is. But a woman in his own station is more likely to have shared a past of this sort than a woman of lower station. Mere community of general circumstances and surrounding does something. The obscure woman taken from inferior place has not the common past of culture, nor of circumstance either. The foolish man who has married away from his class trusts that somehow or other nature will repair this. He assumes, in a real paroxysm of folly, that obscurity is the fostering condition of a richness of character which could not be got by culture. He pays the price of his blindness. Untended nature is more likely to produce weeds than choice fruits, and the chances in such cases as this are beyond calculation in favour of his having got a weed—in other words, having wedded himself to a life of wrangling, gloom, and swift deterioration of character. This result may not be invariable, but it must be more usual than not. In the exceptional cases where a man does not repent of an unequal match of this sort, you will mostly find that the match was unequal only in externals, and that his character had been a very fit counterpart for that of a vulgar and uneducated woman before he made her his wife. This may lead one to think that there is something to be said for the woman in morganatic marriages. The men who do these things are not always, not even generally, philosophic men in search of an unsophisticated life, but unamiable, defiant persons, who only hate society either because it has failed to appreciate their qualities, or because they cannot be at the trouble to go through the ordinary amount of polite usage.

LONDON AND PARIS.

THE contrast between London and Paris is often very unfairly and hastily urged; but the most unfavourable conditions for reviewing the distinction are when the Londoner first returns from his summer holiday on the Seine. At the present moment Paris, in the full tide of Exhibition crowds and fussiness, is, in a sense, at its best. That is to say, the high noon of glitter and sparkle and glare flames with its most scorching brightness, and the fresh charm of out-door life, and the always novel experiences of café and boulevard, have not had time to pall upon experience, and to suggest that human life may have pleasanter as well as more substantial aims than to study the daily *menu* of Vefour, or to settle the vexed question which is the most detestable of the restaurants at the Exhibition. This is one reason why, on one's return to London, we are disposed to be sulky with our own great city. And of course there are certain moral—we suppose they are moral—considerations which jaundice the returning traveller's mind. Possibly the thin and acrid potations of Paris into which of course he has plunged headlong, mixed up with all that variety of diabolical drinks which every national variation of nastiness in tipping, from China to Peru, has poured out in the drunken zone of the Palace of Industry, may have suggested something more than a suspicion of gout and a most unequivocal attack of dyspepsia. To say nothing of that awful impecuniosity which results from a fortnight's familiarity with the charms of jewellery and the seductions of the Rue de la Paix shops, to which even a Stoic must succumb, it is no wonder that the Englishman looks at things at home under the influence of a very bilious temperament. A candid estimate of the relative excellences and failings of Paris and London is, to say the least of it, difficult at the present moment. At least we ought to be on our guard against the not unnatural sense of indignation. The very first glance at Hyde Park and its hoarding suggests such unspeakable degradation to the patriotic mind that most people feel, and some even express the feeling, that France even with its Napoleon the Great or the Little, or at any rate Paris with its luxury and capriciousness, presents on the whole a better form of civilization than London abandoned to Beales and Trades' unionism. But it is not of these things that we want to say a word or two. *Paullo minoræ canamus.*

Let us suppose a traveller returning from Paris by the Dieppe and Newhaven passage. Economy may have been the real, the love of the picturesque the avowed, motive for choosing this route. The passage is what most passages are—a matter of luck; and there is one peculiarity in these Newhaven steamers which at once proclaims their connexion with that remarkable British institution the Brighton Railway, and its Jewish proclivities. If, as generally happens, the returning Briton has a few francs left, he is not unnaturally anxious to exchange the Gallic coinage even for the mouldy Abernethy biscuits and the mountains of red raw beef which attest our return to what we call our English comforts. By a happy stroke of insolence, which cleverly sug-

gests the presence in its most contemptible form of that brave spirit which Railway directors and contractors are very angry with Lord Redesdale for calling "swindling," the officers of these steamers assure you, with the gravest of countenances, that they can only allow you ninepence for the exchange into British coin of the French franc. To rob you of precisely ten per cent. is not bad; but to assert that this is the real actual value of the franc could only be ventured on by a branch of a British railway. Either the Directors are, or they are not, aware of this mode of doing business on their line; and it must be remembered that the steamers, with their crews and servants, are as much part of the Brighton line as the station and porters at Redhill. In either case the culpability is equal. In France—but that is a paternal Government—such business habits might entail an untoward familiarity with Clichy.

After this marine experience of the British estimate of honesty, the traveller lands at Newhaven. His temper is not perhaps improved, especially if the hour of arrival is half-past nine P.M., by having to wait for a tide to float him into that sand-blocked chasm which is called Newhaven Harbour. But sooner or later he lands, and finds another experience of British organization. On the outward journey he could register his luggage straight from London to Paris; homewards he can only frank it to Newhaven. There is a *douane* at the Paris Railway; there are no Custom-house officers at London Bridge or Victoria. If not, why not? With Lord Dundreary this is just one of those things that no fellow can understand. We say nothing of the contrast between the spacious, light, and convenient office, with the ample and civil staff, of the Customs at St. Lazare, and the foul shed, the dingy lanterns, and the coarse staff of Newhaven; but if there is to be a search into passengers' luggage—which, after all, is the most absurd of formalities—why should not the English railways be compelled to furnish a Custom-house officer at their London stations? The difference is that in France railways are a State institution, in England they are private enterprises. But this account of the matter only brings us to the root of what is the great ground of complaint against so many of our English customs. Is there anything in the nature of the case which necessitates the cardinal difference? Of course it is a blessed thing to live under a constitutional government, though just now tempered by Beales and Broadhead; it is a high privilege to know that Britons never shall be slaves, and that we rule the waves, and have proclaimed civil and religious liberty, and have emancipated our African brethren. But these blessings have nothing to do with being cheated out of ten per cent. of your substance on board a steamer, with being compelled to submit to filthy food and cheating measure at every English railway's refreshment-room, or with being huddled and tumbled for an hour in the darkness and stench of a Newhaven station. The *gens-d'armes* of Paris may be an organized tyranny; but the Brighton Railway is a tyranny which is as Rehoboam to Solomon, and infinitely more offensive because it is irresponsible.

The next stage of the journey, of course after the usual mysterious stoppages at Stoa's Nest, and those other curious resting-places and midnight terrors on the Surrey Downs which the Brighton Railway has devised for the solace of passengers by its tidal trains, we at last reach London. Now we are not going to draw a parallel between the first aspect of London and the virgin experience of Paris. Paris is not a great commercial city, and, do what we will, London must always be dirty, crowded, and ugly. With exceptional opportunities, a Lord Westminster may now and then Haussmannize a whole quarter; and we have no reason to be other than proud of New Fimlico, even fresh from the experiences of New Paris. Paris is a city of wood fires; London of coal smoke. Stone is a London luxury; in Paris it is the cheapest of house materials. London is of trade, trading; Paris of luxury and the arts, luxurious and artistic. A Frenchman lives in his streets and boulevards, is proud of them, loves them, and will spend his money on their beauty and decoration. Of all British cities London is the least loved; we have no personal interest in it. On the whole we hate London. There is not an English country town which is not more prized and appreciated by its small burgesses and shopkeepers than London is by Londoners. The suggestion to put up such gas standards as are to be seen at every twenty feet of every Paris street, instead of our iron posts two in a furlong, and to get bright and clear gas, would of course be scouted by the various parochial and metropolitan Boards as a sentimental folly. But we are not going to talk about art. We are not going to draw a parallel between the Place de la Concorde and our "finest site in Europe," which in Paris would be nothing wonderful for a railway station. We say nothing about St. James's and the Tuileries. We prefer to confine ourselves to matters on which we think we know something in London; at any rate we talk enough about them.

Paris must get its water under difficulties. Abundance of water and the health of a municipality are convertible terms, or we have been listening to our sanitary reformers and the faculty in vain. Personal cleanliness and the practice of tubbing are recent English arts which we have not so long learned or practised that we can afford to be very supercilious about the water supply of French bedrooms. It may be that the use of water depends upon some compensating principle, and that if a people is dirty at home it is clean abroad, and *vice versa*. Very likely it is quite true that in Paris they are anxious about the outside of the cup and of the platter, and careless of that which is within—that is, that they cleanse, not themselves, but their streets.

But is there any necessity in the case that we should wash our feet, and not our footways, in London? As we have said, water must be got in Paris with at least as much difficulty as in London, must cost as much, and require as much parsimony in spreading it. The Seine is not as big as the Thames, and its basin is not more generous of water than the London clay. In London watering the streets is the occupation of an occasional squirting cart. Cleansing, washing, and birch-brooming a street is as unknown in London as in the Sahara. Why is it that the turncock, with his perfunctory visits once in twenty-four hours to the street main, is all that we can accomplish, while in Paris a whole ocean of water is always at the full, and every twenty yards of street is supplied with a main, which is every day, and nearly all day long, turned on for flushing every street, gutter, and sewer with floods of clean water, while there is not a by-street which is not daily and scrupulously washed and scrubbed by an army of official scavengers? French labour is cheap, it will be said; we cannot afford these public works of necessity and health. Of course we cannot afford it if we, in our parochial wisdom, sell our scavenging to contractors whose interest it is to do nothing, and employ our workhouse paupers in turning a useless wheel and in picking unprofitable oakum; but the sight of Paris—with the constant watering, not only by gutter floods but by hose, and the minute delicacy with which every particle of filth is removed—is a terrible contrast to those who are accustomed to the occasional attempts at public cleanliness and comfort which break in on the monotony of dirty roads and atmosphere of mud and dust, concentrated granite and triturated horse-dung, which we every day and all day long eat and drink and breathe in London. But then we talk about it all in England. We have Social Science Congresses, and Health Officers, and Sanitary Commissioners here in England. In France they do not talk quite so much about these things; in Paris, at any rate, they only do them.

Yes—the Anglo-maniac will at the last pinch of the argument whimper—but these are small matters. Only look within. Outside cleanliness is nothing when measured with domestic purity and the holiness and beauty of the English character, and especially of the English family. All very true; at least, perhaps it is very true. We have not the data for instituting any comparison on these points between Paris and London. We shall not deny—nor shall we admit, because we know nothing about the matter—that Paris may be, as perhaps it is, the most profligate and immoral city on earth, not even excepting New York. Possibly, for those whose tastes are in that direction, it may present the life of the Cities of the Plain, or worse. This may or may not be true. But for quiet decent people who are not critics in vice we must say Paris is a much more comfortable and decent place, in certain matters, than London. We do not mean to say that solicitations to out-of-door Loretism are unknown in Paris; but the hideous life of London streets after dark, or, for the matter of that, in open daylight, the brazen flaunting of harlotry in its most flagrant form, the open solicitations, the coarseness and brutality of our *femmes publiques*—this is a picture simply inconceivable to a Frenchman. Mabile is, we dare say, a slippery haunt, and an Opera ball is not the home of the Christian graces; but Anatomical Museums and the open sale in Trafalgar Square of the *Confessional Unmasked* indicate a social evil a thousand times worse, especially as the latter wares are purveyed in the name of religion and English morality. Nor is it any answer to fall back on the *tu quoque*, and draw out a hideous catalogue of Parisian vices. Such an answer to a serious complaint is that of an idiot. The question is, whether dirty streets, filthy displays of vice, public obscenity, and that insecurity of life and property which is daily becoming more palpable in London, are the price which we must pay for what we call the liberty of the subject. Because, if Home Secretaries say that it is, there is a very disagreeable and growing suspicion that this gold, if it is not pinchbeck, is frightfully dear at the London price.

THE SCOTCH SABBATARIANS AGAIN.

IT is to the peculiar doggedness of Scotch patriotism, we presume, that we must attribute the long tolerance of what would in any other part of the world be considered an unbearable nuisance. Scotchmen and Scotchwomen are found in each of the quarters of the globe, in every colony, and in every country where money is to be made or industry is rewarded. They thus repeat the experience of the sagest of heroes—they see many cities, and study innumerable diversities of national character. Their travels and their experience ought to rub off the asperities of local prejudice and sectarian bitterness; and, in truth, they have this effect in most instances. The Scotchmen whom one meets on the Continent, in the colonies, and in India are, for the most part, liberal and tolerant people. They of course retain their vigorous idiosyncrasies of criticism on the subject of Queen Mary, of John Knox, of prelacy, and of *what*; but, barring these peculiarities, they have little to distinguish them from their neighbours, except a pardonable and patriotic partiality for every Mac who comes out to seek his fortune. On general subjects they converse with freedom, with largeness of view, and with a tolerance of the opinions of others which might almost be termed catholic.

The wonder, then, is how men who can show such reasonableness of disposition and conversation when out of Scotland can, in

Scotland, put up with the combination of dogmatic dictation and fanatical self-righteousness which still have sway there. There is surely a sufficient number of educated, intelligent, and independent Scotchmen to wage war against folly, bigotry, and fanaticism combined. But this war is not waged. The bigots have it all their own way. They fulminate, denounce, and excommunicate; and there is none to say them nay. It appears from the Scotch newspapers that the Free Church Presbytery of Edinburgh has been much "exercised" of late by the running of Sunday steamers between Leith and Aberdeen. The "Sabbath Observance" Committee have presented a Report in which it is laid down that "our Sabbaths are the bulwarks of our national morality," and that these bulwarks are broken down by the "hundreds of pleasure-seekers, in all stages of intoxication," whom every Sunday—or, as they phrase it, Sabbath—lands in the quiet village of Aberdeen. "All reports agree," it is added, "that the grossest scenes are witnessed." And the reporters, unable to keep up the *crecendo* style of eloquence proper for the occasion, are compelled to resort to the interrogatory formula of bewildered dismay, and exclaim, "Where will it all end?" Probably, to some of those to whom the Report is addressed, the answer implied in the query denotes some fearful visitation. The Report itself, so far as the newspaper extracts enable us to judge, seems rather to indicate that the dreaded consummation which is held before the awe-stricken minds of the faithful is a "Continental Sabbath." We do not exactly know what a "Continental Sabbath" means, for we are not aware that on the Continent there are any celebrations peculiar to Saturday; if there are, they are better known to the members of the Free Church Presbytery than to us. If by "Continental Sabbath" is meant the Sunday as observed in the principal cities of Europe, we can assure the Free Presbyterians that it is very different from the Sunday as they describe it to be observed at the quiet village of Aberdeen. And so indeed one of the Presbytery had the sense to acknowledge. Whoever has had the pleasure (for, *pace Presbyterianism*, it is a pleasure) to spend a summer Sunday in the neighbourhood of Paris, Frankfurt, or Vienna, would welcome with irrepressible delight the prospect of such a Sunday at Aberdeen, or any other place in Scotland. To go from a hot town, without a sense of wrong, or a look of reproach, or a sneer from Mrs. Grundy, with a great number of very happy men and women and children, all beaming with innocent gaiety, to a pretty and cheerful suburb radiant with gardens and flowers, to eat ices, sip coffee, or drink the mildest beer, listen to a well-taught and accomplished band of musicians, to stroll down quiet alleys, or lounge in picturesque cafés—such is the happy lot of the Scotchman who finds himself in one of the great cities of the Continent on a fine summer Sunday. From the Report of the Free Presbyterians we infer that the summer of the "pleasure-seeker" at Aberdeen is of a very different description. Yet the frantic vehemence of these Sabbatarians betrays them into an incoherence on this point which incapacitates us from grasping the radical matter of their grievance. At one time it seems to be that all the "pleasure-seekers" are, either on board the steamer or after landing at Aberdeen, in a state of hopeless intoxication, or taking part in the "grossest scenes" of, we presume, debauchery. At another time the description seems to indicate that some of these pleasure-seekers are neither drunk nor gross, but highly respectable. To the Presbytery it is all the same thing whether they are respectable or the reverse. The glamour of the "Sawboth" is over their eyes and their intellects. They can neither read the facts nor the inferences deducible from the facts. So we may infer that with the majority of disreputable drunkards there is a sprinkling of respectable sober folk. Well, they are all bent on the same object—that is, to spend as pleasant a Sunday as circumstances, the climate, and the manners and customs of the country will permit. Some of them have been to the kirk, and are naturally desirous of finding in the latter part of the day some compensation for the pains and torments of their morning's sitting. They have listened to a prayer which sounded like an imprecation, and to a sermon which seemed like the menace of the Accuser, bidding them eternally despair. They think—not unnaturally, poor people—that a repetition of the same spiritual dose in the afternoon would not be good for their souls' health. They think that a tranquil walk along the pleasant shores of Fife, with the mountain scenery on one side and the laughing waters of the Firth on the other, would impart as much spiritual comfort and inspire as much devotional fervour as a labyrinthine discourse on Justification, or a Judaical exposition of Divine justice. Accordingly, they go to take their quiet walk beside the beautiful works of the Great Father. The others, the majority, have not been to kirk for years. They have too keen a recollection of those bitter days when they sat under the dismal preacher three hours in the morning and two more in the afternoon, to encounter such a trial again. The remembrance of those days will never depart from them. It has made religion a word of lifelong suffering, and the Book of Good Tidings a revelation of despair, to them. Anything to them is better than the kirk, the minister, his prayers, and his sermons. Whisky in the closed flat, cards or dice within the bolted lodging, whisky on board the steamer, and whisky in the village-inn or at the landing-place—whisky or cards or riddery, or anything to get out of their sight and their mind's eye the oppressive sense of that dark, dreary unhuman Scotch Sunday. We acknowledge that this is not a pleasant phase of Scotch or human nature. We admit that it is not a peculiarly genial way of spending a Sunday afternoon. But, with Dr.

Thomas Smith, we do beg these zealous fanatics of the Free Church not to confound this miserable animal fashion of getting through a "Sawboth" with the calm, innocent gaiety which distinguishes the observance of a Continental Sunday. No two things can be more utterly distinct. There is not a port in the Mediterranean or Adriatic the benighted Catholics of which would not be horrified at the grossness and debauchery imputed (justly or not) to these Aberdour excursionists.

The hot indignation which this Sunday travelling has excited is not to die away in words. The law is to be put in force to prevent the sailing of these boats. If the law fails, the Christian remonstrants of the Free Church are to descend to the "humiliating" position of begging the Steamboat Companies to cease from their violation of the laws of God. In addition, masters of households are to be entreated not to give their servants their Sundays out any more. Of these recommendations, it is difficult to say whether they disclose a deeper knowledge of human nature, of the law of God, or the laws of man. If the conveyance of passengers were illegal, it would have long ago been punished by law. That, failing the law, the Steamboat Companies will refuse to satisfy the demands of competing passengers is not likely. That the arguments of the Puritans will have any influence over rational and respectable people is equally improbable. They will reply that they are not children; that they can think for themselves; that they have thought this matter over; that they do not recognise the obligation of a Jewish law, and that they really can see no sin in going to admire the beauties of the Creator's works on a Sunday. Many will add that Sunday is the only day in the week when they have the opportunity of enjoying this innocent pleasure. The majority will say that the question lies between debauchery in the wynds of Edinburgh and on the shores of Fifeshire; between drunkenness and vice in the city and drunkenness alone in Aberdour; and that, if they may not revel out of doors, they will revel indoors. The dilemma is an unseemly one; but does it not strike the fathers of the Free Church that they are entirely on the wrong scent? Does it never occur to them that they themselves and their obsolete fanaticism are to blame for the "gross scenes" which they denounce, and the hideous intemperance which they deplore? Do they never remember who it was that condemned the Pharisees for laying on men's shoulders burdens heavier than they could bear? And what have they themselves done? And what are they doing? What is the instruction which they provide for their followers? Catechisms, sermons, and prayers—catechisms with the skeleton of dogma substituted for the warm spirit of devotion; sermons which appeal to no feeling of the soul, except a fetish fear of everlasting perdition; and prayers which are either sermons or curses in disguise. How have they cultivated the moral sense of the people? How have they educated their moral taste? What have they done to soften, refine, and humanize them? Nothing. They have fed masses of men—all differing as they do from each other in sympathies, predilections, and powers—on the dry bones of one dead theology; on definitions and propositions which stimulate no feeling of brotherly love or genuine piety, on long-winded prayers composed on the very principle which the Great Master especially condemned. They have done all this, and then can they wonder that these kirk-ridden and text-oppressed victims of their teaching, who have not intelligence or instruction to think for themselves, after oscillating between the narrow path of cynical hypocrisy and flagrant debauchery, passively resign themselves to the latter? Can they wonder that among the lower classes in Scotch cities the Sabbath has become a day of solitary and unsocial indulgence, while the statistics of prostitution and illegitimacy bring their damning evidence against that "national morality" of which the "Sabbath is the bulwark."

To us the strange thing is that intelligent Scotchmen who have lived abroad do not throw the weight of their moral influence on the side of those who are striving to educate the feelings and expand the sympathies of their countrymen by other means than the wearisome repetition of dogmas at once hard, ungenial, and barren.

MYSTERIES OF THE CELLAR.

AMONG the strangest of the objects which the managers of the French Exhibition deem meritorious and worthy of commemoration is the manufacture of "imitation wines." We cannot conceive any branch of industry much less to be commended, but then the notions of people who get up Exhibitions are not as the notions of plain men. To give a bronze medal for a good copy of an old master, or of anything else, would seem to be the encouragement of an art which it would be much better to discourage. But an imitation of an old master is a harmless matter compared with the imitation of wines, whether old or new. If you have been deluded into buying a sham old master, it is ten to one against the truth of the delusion being borne into your own mind. Anyhow, no great harm has been done. But an imitation wine permits no man to enjoy his delusion in peace, unless he be lucky enough to possess the *dura messorum illa*. It is a weariness to the palate, and a sore and grievous burden to the stomach and the head. However, some Exhibition jury thinks differently, and has awarded a bronze medal to one firm for "Vins d'imitation"; and to another, for a "Collation de vins imités," of all things in this world, it has given an "honourable mention." Surely after this the Marchioness of Brinvilliers herself ought to be rehabilitated, and held up for our high and distinguished consideration. There

are other points about the wine department of the Exhibition which have given huge offence to legitimate dealers in drinks which are not imitated. Among the Cognacs, for example, were placed ostentatious bottles, labelled "Alcool pur à 70 degrés, aromatisé à l'huile essentielle de Cognac, préparé par M. X—, ex-pharmacien." A patriotic Cognacite merchant instantly wrote to the superintendent of this class, vowed that he had been "vivement affecté" at the sight of these vile chemical intruders, and insisted that they should be removed to their just place among pharmaceutical preparations. Somebody else, however, says that the ex-druggist is an honest man in comparison with some of his neighbours, for at least he puts nothing on his label which is not true. His bottles do really contain alcohol made to taste not like Cognac by the introduction of an essential oil. But there is another offence in the same order which wounds those French susceptibilities by which Europe is so much disturbed, even more than this. "What is one to say," asks a writer in the *Moniteur Vicole*, "when in the Prussian department you find yourself before some brandy made from potato, lying impudently to the public, and sheltering itself behind a label which I copy literally—*Rouder und Keuller: Mainz. COGNAC.*" This, the warm patriot cries, is "Bismarck-ing the products of La Charente" with a vengeance. One is disgusted to know that German journalists are guilty of the stupid and spiteful vulgarity of speaking of the French Emperor as Charles Louis Buonaparte, but they are perhaps a little reasonably provoked by the utilizing of the name of their hero into the basis of a verb signifying to steal. And, after all, if the native of Cognac were as fervent a lover of his country and as bitter an enemy of Germany as he assumes to be, he ought rather to rejoice than otherwise that the hated Teuton gets none of the good liquor of the Charente, but only clumsy German imitations of it. It is a commonplace that the spirit of commerce debases the soul, and makes a man as willing to sell his good things alike to the virtuous and the vicious, his enemy and his friend. This appears to have been the case even with the high-souled Gaul.

Our sympathy, however, with the indignation of the legitimate dealers at the impudent misrepresentations of their German rivals is a good deal modified when we find in the same journal a very long and elaborate account of an infallible method "pour bonifier et vieillir les eaux de vie et le vin." This process of quickly "bonifying" and aging wines and brandies has, it appears, been in vogue a long time, but it has been kept a careful secret. It consists of mixing with the wine which is either not good enough or not old enough an alcoholic infusion of green walnut-shells. Green walnut-shells have been discovered to possess remarkable properties, which impart "le goût de rancio avec le cachet des eaux de vie vieilles." It happens every day that wine, either naturally of a feeble constitution, or exhausted by bad clarifying, or impoverished by contact with the air, needs reinforcing, "non seulement," says the writer with commercial simplicity, "pour se conserver, mais encore pour passer à la consommation." That is to say, not only to keep it good, but still more to make the consumer believe that it is good, whether it really is so or not. The common thing is to restore the flavour—there is a fine pleasantry about the word *restore*—by either tartaric acid or tannin, which is an extract of gall-nuts. These two preparations have the drawback—which, considering their origin, does not surprise us—of giving a too harsh and dry flavour. From this the preparation of walnut-shells is happily free. We are assured that they contain "des principes organiques," which make them incomparable. Even a brandy manipulator in France must talk about *principes*.

The Exhibition jurors are not the only body in France who think that wine, unlike the poet, ought to be made, and not born. The editor of a recent number of the *Moniteur Vicole* is happy to learn that the National Academy has awarded a gold medal to a certain Abbé for his *Liquor Essentielle de Cognac*. "On n'ignore pas," says the writer of the Academic report on this liquor, "les déplorables effets produits sur l'estomac et sur le cerveau par le débâillage d'alcools vendus comme Cognacs, colorés et relevés par des substances le plus souvent toxiques ou malsaines. La *liqueur essentielle de Cognac*, composée exclusivement de substances très saines et déjà dissoutes dans les vieux cognacs naturels, évite ces terribles inconvénients, et se recommande surtout par ce côté au commerce honnête et consciencieux." It would be interesting to know if this anonymous Abbé * * * is also the author of *Le Maudû*. It would be a subtle form of revenge upon mankind for the ban under which they placed the priest, to invent poisonous potions of this sort, to produce deplorable effects "sur l'estomac et sur le cerveau." The whole literature, for there is a literature, of what are styled oenological preparations, is extremely funny. French writers have a way of making the pettiest subjects sound so unfathomably grand and sublime. "Au seul mot de *travail des vins*," says the author of a manual of viticulture, "il y a des gens qui s'émeuvent et sont disposés à voir de la tromperie et de la falsification; nous allons essayer de les ramener à des sentiments plus justes, plus rationnels." In order to effect this conversion to more just and rational sentiments, the writer proceeds to assure us that pretty nearly every wine we drink is manipulated and doctored. What is Champagne? White wine, sweetened, alcoholised, tannified, &c. What is the wine we get at Paris—Burgundy, Mâcon, or whatever it may be called? It is wine mixed with water, with other wine, with colouring matter. Even if you buy claret at Bordeaux itself, do you think you avoid doctoring? Not at all; you buy wine that has been

watered, coloured, alcoholised, and perfumed. Why on earth, then, should certain growers and merchants cry out with an affectation of holy anger against the manipulation of wines? "Cela se conçoit aisément," he cynically replies to his own question, "ils voudraient que personne ne fit ce qu'ils font eux-mêmes." At the end of the volume we find the precise price at which you may buy the adulterating preparations, devised by crafty oenologists. The process is cheap. Half-a-crown's worth of one liquid will impart the taste and bouquet of old Burgundy to as much as between sixty and seventy gallons of common wine. For two francs you may have a dose of stuff which will give to the same quantity a general flavour of everything that is delicious, and which at all events has the merit of a delicious name—*Bouquet cananthique du Midi*. Jove might have forgiven Ganymede if he had found him doctoring the divine nectar itself with doses of so sweet-sounding a liquor.

The writer of the manual of the "amelioration" of wines tells us one or two interesting facts. At Marseilles a case of a dozen bottles is sold for exportation for ten francs, and contains seven litres, or about six quarts, more or less. The box, bottles, labels, corks, straw, packing, and so forth cost three francs and seventy centimes. You have left, then, six francs thirty for the wine. This is of the fine quality. The same case, with wine of common quality, is sold for six francs and a half. Deducting, as before, three francs seventy for the bottles and the rest, we find that two francs eighty are left for the wine, which is therefore worth about twopence halfpenny a bottle. This is a statement which deserves the attention of the silly people in England who buy gilded bottles with pink paper, and think they are getting precious liquors. They might reflect, even with the unaided light of nature, that the more pink paper and gilding they get, the less genuine wine goes with them.

People who drink port are at least as likely to be drinking an artificial liquor as their less heroic neighbours who stick to light French wines. If they doubt it, let them turn to the recent report of the Secretary of Legation in Portugal. Mr. Lytton informs the Foreign Secretary that all port wine exported for the English market "is composed almost quite as much of elderberries as of grapes." The elderberries are dried in the sun or in kilns—like hops, we suppose. "The wine is then thrown on them, and the berries are trodden as previously the grapes, till it is thoroughly saturated with the colouring matter of the berries." Brandy is then added in the proportion of from 3 to 16 gallons to 115. It is just, however, to state that the Consul at Oporto takes a less hostile view of port wine than Mr. Lytton does. He denies the universal use of the elderberry, and justifies the brandy, both by arguments for its utility, and by adopting the familiar style of argument about all other wines, that they are no better than the disparaged port in this matter. The practice of blending wines of different vineyards, but of the same year, or of any variety of vintages and years, carries no offence in his eyes. Perhaps it is difficult to see why it should, provided the liquors are all genuine. "A fine port," says the Consul, with a touch of artistic enthusiasm, "may be considered as a work of art as well as a production of nature." This indeed seems to be the case with most of the wines which have been in vogue in this country. If some ingenious physiologist would only discover a means of elevating the human stomach to the level of that of the ostrich, the art of wine-making would then be perfectly unobjectionable.

THE COMMERCIAL HIGHWAYS OF ASIA.

A REMARKABLE change is passing over the Asiatic continent, or rather has begun to take place, though it may be expected to advance in future with accelerated speed. The time has come for another revolution in the routes between the West and the East. It was a triumph for science three centuries ago when the voyage round the Cape was substituted for the long and difficult journeys by land, rendered doubly difficult by war or the anarchy of the countries through which the roads lay. It was another triumph when, a few years since, one of the old roads—that across Egypt and down the Red Sea—was again made available by the establishment of mail packet lines running in connexion with caravans, and latterly with railway trains, passing over the Egyptian desert. Now, however, science is fast making available the most direct land routes passing through the heart of the Asiatic continent, and not merely skirting it, as is done even by the so-called overland route across the Isthmus of Suez—routes which have been disregarded for centuries, or have only been used for what may be called local traffic. The spread of railways to the East of Europe, the extension of a vast network over the peninsula of India, and the projection of schemes at other points of the Asiatic continent—all point to the quick approach of a time when commerce between Europe and South-Eastern Asia will follow the straightest lines that can be drawn on the map. It may be doubted, however, whether the nearness of that period, and the facts as to what has already been done in abridging distances, are generally known or understood.

The great obstacle in Asia to overland communication is visible enough. Over the heart of the continent, from the Caspian almost to the Yellow Sea, stretch the vast deserts of Central Asia and Tartary, including the loftiest mountain regions in the world, while the parts of Europe adjacent to Asia have themselves been devoid of any rapid communication with the West of Europe. Long and difficult as the journey is from Astrakhan or Orenburg

to China and India, these places themselves are not easily accessible from England or Holland, which possess by far the largest share of European commerce with the East. It is true that there have been paths of some kind, traversing the central region of Asia, sufficiently frequented several centuries ago, and still more or less in use. There are caravan routes from Orenburg and Western Siberia, on the one side, following long and devious lines through the Kirghiz desert; and on the other side there is more than one road from India over the ranges of the Himalaya and the Hindu-Kush; while small rills of traffic have trickled westward from China across the great desert of Gobi to the most easterly part of Central Asia—what was once, but has now ceased to be, the Chinese dependency of Eastern Turkestan. But though merchants from India, Russia, and China might meet in the bazaars of Tashkent, Bokhara, or Yarkand, the length and difficulty of the way have been such as to prevent through traffic in competition with the voyage by sea. The only overland communication between Europe and South-Eastern Asia has avoided almost altogether the central belt of Tartary, passing through the comparatively fertile tract of Siberia between the desert on the one hand and the Arctic snows on the other, and only diverging southward into China at remote Kiachta. And this road has been so long and so tedious, the ordinary journey occupying several months, that the communication it affords with China has been chiefly for the local benefit of the Siberian provinces of Russia. It is this state of things which is about to change. The first step—that of connecting Western Europe with the Asiatic border—is already all but achieved. In two or three years at most the Russian railway system will have brought the Volga at more than one point into connexion with the railways of Germany. A connexion of this kind has indeed been in existence for some years, Nijni-Novgorod having railway communication by Moscow and St. Petersburg through Poland with the German railways. But the new lines will touch the Volga at points two or three days' voyage nearer the Caspian, and will themselves have shorter connexions with Western Europe than Nijni-Novgorod has at present. Thus the traveller will be brought easily to the verge of the Asiatic deserts, on whose difficulties alone he need reckon in contemplating a passage to the south-east. In another way the same result is being accomplished. A comparatively slight break of between two and three hundred miles in Galicia and Podolia is all that remains to be filled up in order to establish a complete railway communication between the German Ocean and the Black Sea. And this break will not be of long continuance. The extreme terminus of the Austrian lines at Tchernowitz is rapidly being joined to the line which proceeds from Odessa to Balta and the interior of Russia. There is also some prospect of extending the Tchernowitz line through the Principality to meet the Varna and Rutchuk railway, which would give Western Europe railway communication with a Turkish as well as a Russian port in the Black Sea. It is not at once apparent how these lines open up a way to the interior of Asia, the Caucasian isthmus interposing between the Black Sea and the Caspian; but it so happens that that isthmus is being partly traversed by a railway line from Poti to Tiflis, which will doubtless be prolonged from one sea to the other. Thus, by the completion of works already in hand, travellers from Western Europe will be able to accomplish in a week a journey almost to the interior of Asia, for on the eastern shore of the Caspian it is the centre of Asia which lies before the traveller.

As to what is being done on the Asiatic continent, a recent Report of Mr. Lumley, the Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg, on the "Tea Trade of Russia," supplies most voluminous information. First of all, long and tedious as it is, it is very probable that the route through Siberia to Kiachta will speedily become more practicable. At present the passage of goods between Moscow and Kiachta, a distance of 4,450 miles, occupies from three to six months, according to the delays occasioned by ice in the rivers, while to reach the tea districts of China from Kiachta takes two or three months more. What is proposed is to utilize by canals, and short railway links if necessary, the facilities for water communication presented by the Siberian rivers. At present the rivers are used between two points—Tiumen and Tomsk—Tiumen being situated on the Tara, which is one of the branches of the Irtysh, an affluent of the Ob; while Tomsk is on the Tom, another affluent of the same river. But by using the Tchulim, also an affluent of the Ob, and connecting it by a canal forty miles in length with the Yenissei, whose main affluent is the Angara, flowing out of Lake Baikal, it would be possible to have a through waterway all the distance from Tiumen to that lake, near which lies Kiachta. Thus the greater part of the journey, from the heart of Russia to Kiachta, would be effected by water. The navigation of the Angara, it is said, may present difficulties, owing to rapids at different points; but these rapids can be "turned" by short lines of railway. A waterway like this would undoubtedly make the road between Russia and China, as well as between Russia and the Amour provinces, infinitely more serviceable than it can now pretend to be. The internal resources of Siberia are great enough by themselves to make the improvements pay, and, as a further encouragement to speculators, it is stated that the requisite steamers, rails, and locomotives can be manufactured on the spot.

But, turning from the consideration of this route, on which the immense distances and the sparseness of the population must long operate to prevent the formation of a through railway line, let us see what is being done to enter Asia from the

Caspian. transit of course bet Daria, Ko Daria and route, the Caspian a on that ri likely to navigab the closes Aksu, and more than journey fr from two actually in of Indian at present of that er inexcusable Cashmere establish Mr. Luml activity of which giv use of the than the state of the Casp years, and the road jab. The difficulty. lucrative on differ as in the it is prop constant of the A and there grounds a and even from posi Balkan ra across th time." Himalaya from the districts a superior even than referred and it is Amu, the manner l changeab Such a land rout Undoubt out, will ating also by pass as they g after ano But a v which ar up a mo desert b over thr the Casp out a ha which, v will onl 1,400 m straight other, ar wealth o railway, from a Legation a railwa arose fo at once to one long-pro through Kurracl meantim much le frequent Khorass Strange to be tr reasonab India to the

Caspian. Here there is much more promise. So far as the transit of goods is concerned, there must speedily be close intercourse between Russia and India, either by way of the Syr-Daria, Kokan, and Eastern Turkestan, or by way of the Amu-Daria and the Hindu-Kush to Peshawur. As regards the former route, the Russians have already a beaten road between the Caspian and the Sea of Aral, into which the Syr-Daria flows; on that river there is a small fleet of merchant steamers, which likely to be increased; between Kokan, to which the Syr is navigable, and Chinese Turkestan there has been for many years the closest commercial intercourse; and from Yarkand, Kashgar, Aksu, and Khoten, the chief towns of Chinese Turkestan, there is more than one road practicable for commerce to India. The journey from the Caspian to India by this route would occupy from two to three months, but it has the advantage of being actually in use, and might become much frequented for the export of Indian tea to Central Asia, the direct roads from China being at present closed through the recent revolt of the Tartar provinces of that empire. The only difficulty is on the Indian side. With inexcusable apathy the Indian Government permits the Rajah of Cashmere to block the way by monstrous exactions, and neglects to establish Consuls in Leh and the cities of Chinese Turkestan. As Mr. Lumley remarks, this apathy is in striking contrast with the activity of the Russian Government in improving all the roads which give access from their side to Central Asia. Regarding the use of the Amu-Daria route, much shorter and generally easier than the other, the obstacle has hitherto been the disturbed state of the Turkoman country between the Amu-Daria and the Caspian. Disturbed as Afghanistan has been for some years, and much as commerce has suffered in consequence, the road is still open between the Amu-Daria and the Punjab. The Russians propose this year to settle the Turkoman difficulty. The Turkmen are to be induced "to join in the lucrative fishing business established and to be established on different points of the eastern coast of the Caspian, as well as in the caravan trade with Khiva"; and at the same time it is proposed for the next three years to keep up "active and constant communications" between the Caspian and the basin of the Amu-Daria, establishing good wells along the route, and thereby attracting the Turkoman tribes to settle pastures-grounds at various points on the road. On this line a cart road, and even a tramway, has been projected, and "it is known also from positive data that coal is to be found in the Krasnovodsk or Balkan range at this point of the Caspian coast, so that a railway across this desert may not be an impossibility at some future time." The calculation is that by this route the Western Himalayan tea districts will be a two or three months' journey from the heart of Russia—not half the distance at which the tea districts of China by the Kiachta route are placed—and that the superior kinds of tea will reach Russia in this way more cheaply even than when conveyed by sea. Mr. Lumley in a former Report referred to cotton as another article which India might export, and it is clear from the length of the water way supplied by the Amu, the Caspian, and the Volga, that the conveyance in this manner between Russia and India of whatever goods are exchangeable cannot be very expensive.

Such are the measures already in hand tending to restore the old land routes by which East and West interchanged their products. Undoubtedly these routes, when the improvements are carried out, will absorb part of the trade between Europe and India, creating also much new local traffic. However little they may be used by passengers, Europe will gradually become familiar with them as they grow more frequented, and as one adventurous traveller after another takes advantage of them to explore the country. But a very slight improvement on Mr. Lumley's suggestions, which are really, we presume, those of his Russian friends, opens up a more brilliant prospect. The proposed railway across the desert between the Caspian and the Sea of Aral would be over three hundred miles in length. Might not a line from the Caspian be taken, going straight towards India, and holding out a hand to connect it with the railway system of that country, which, when completed to the Indus Valley and Peshawur, will only be distant from the Caspian between 1,300 and 1,400 miles? A railway from Aterabad to Meshed is on the straight road to India, while it has equal coal facilities with the other, and would be more locally profitable owing to the greater wealth of the districts through which it would pass. Such a railway, we may add, has also been projected, as may be seen from a Report by Mr. Eastwick, the secretary of the Persian Legation, presented to Parliament two or three years ago. With a railway so made to Meshed, it would not be long till a cry arose for completing the break of 900 or 1,000 miles to India, at once reducing the whole journey between London and Calcutta to one of twelve or fourteen days. There remain behind the long-projected Euphrates Valley scheme, and its extension through Syria and Persia, so as to connect Constantinople and Kurrachee. These lines must follow in due course, but in the meantime, as the whole interval to be bridged over is so very much less, it is not improbable that the speediest and most frequented route to India will first lie through the plain of Khorassan, Herat, and the "deserts and rocks" of Afghanistan. Strange as the prospect may seem, considering what the countries to be traversed were not long since, it is not a mere dream, but a reasonable enough probability of the next few years.

India thus brought to our doors, it will remain to join China to the Indian system. The Celestial Empire, indeed, is at a

disadvantage, having no railway of its own, but the commerce of China is great enough to sustain an express international highway, which at any rate might secure the local traffic of the tea districts by offering the shortest road to the ocean. Singularly enough, intelligence has just been received from India that the survey of the country between the Burmese ports and China, forced after years of delay on the Indian Government by the imperative orders of Lord Cranborne, has at length been accomplished with satisfactory results. A railway from Burmah into Western China is practicable after all. It may be hoped that the fact thus ascertained will be at once appreciated and followed up by active efforts, slow as the Indian Government has hitherto been in looking at a scheme which would make Rangoon, a British port, take the place of Shanghai, and shorten the voyage of the tea ships by one month out of three or four. A glance at the map will show how easily a railway from Burmah into Western China may be connected with the Indian railway system for the purpose of mail and passenger traffic, and for such a connexion there will be all the more demand as railways extend over China itself. Thus, in a very few years—every shortening of the way preparing new enterprises, and the work being accelerated as less and less remains to be done—the commercial world may calculate on a direct overland railway from London to China, with short sea passages across the Channel, the Black Sea, and the Caspian; pending the completion of the Constantinople line, with no break except the Channel. The achievement will be no small one in the history of commerce, and will eclipse a similar feat on the American continent—the Atlantic and Pacific Railway—which, however, promises to be the first executed. The world is too wise now to expect millenniums from any material triumphs, but there is no extravagance in saying that by these last conquests over nature the possibilities of happiness and comfort to future generations will be multiplied, as they have been by all such conquests, which also reveal to the masses of men wider horizons than before, and civilize them by the mere increase of their mutual relations.

THE MIRACULOUS ZOUAVE.

THE last new performer of miracles seems to have come to a premature break-down, which, however, was the natural result of the intrinsic weakness of his design. It is by no means an easy thing to work miracles, or even to obtain a reputation for the power to work them. Ambitious persons should take care to get up the scenery properly, to provide the half-light which is favourable to optical illusions, and all due accessories for striking the imagination. Poor Jacob evidently plunged into the business recklessly, without sufficiently considering his position. The fact that he was a Zouave—which at first sight was rather against him—might perhaps have been turned by skilful management into a positive gain. It is true that we are little accustomed to associate Zouaves with miracles. Their usual reputation does not tend to soften the force of the common antithesis between saints and soldiers; and even a Papal Zouave probably relies more upon bayonets than blessings. Still there is something piquant about the contrast; the Zouave is a highly picturesque animal, and we can perhaps more easily reconcile ourselves to the picture of a man working miracles in a turban and trowsers of Eastern amplitude than to the same performance in the greasy black suit of the ordinary British impostor. The great drawback to spirit-rappers, electrobiologists, and similar rogues, is their close external resemblance to pickpockets. And a Zouave approximates closely enough to the sheikh or dervish to be effective to the Western imagination. Jacob, however, carried with him a little too much of his trade. He seems to have contented himself with curing his patients by a simple military word of command. Instead of soaring to some of the comforting hocus pocus of modern thaumaturgists about spirits, or electricity, or any other of the mysterious agencies which are supposed by most people to account satisfactorily for any possible phenomenon, he ordered his patients to walk as a sergeant orders a recruit to step out. Indeed, according to the fullest account we have seen, he enforced his words by an oath. This is obviously a deplorable failure in art. However great may be the modern faith in the efficacy of military discipline—the only part of our social order which even Mr. Carlyle admits to be more than a sham—we don't yet believe that it can cure paralysis. Such a demand on faith must be too strong even for the populace. Jacob should have been modest enough to shelter himself behind some more accredited source of power. He should have sought his magic formula in some vocabulary already respected by the public. Possibly in some remote country district he might have become a defender of the Catholic faith, and have obtained the support of a few ignorant priests; in Salt Lake city he might have risen to eminence as a lieutenant of Brigham Young; or in more civilized districts he might have secured the backing of spirit-rappers and their dupes. But to stand quite alone in supporting the faith that a cripple may be cured by the words "Quick March!" was rather too crude a conception. The *modus operandi* was altogether too coarse for a critical age which insists upon calling in spirits even to release a juggler from ropes; and when there is such a wide choice of supernatural machinery, it shows a discreditable arrogance or ignorance. The scene of his labours was almost as ill-chosen as the special fetish by whose power he worked. There are plenty of weak people in Paris, as in most other populations approaching two millions; but the spirit

of Voltaire is not quite so dead as it ought to be, and is at least equal to grappling with a miraculous Zouave, especially one who is, so to speak, a miracle-worker pure and simple, a juggler without one of the concealments to which the cleverest conjurors condescend. And, finally, the crowning fault of all was the attempt to work a miracle on a Marshal. The idea is evidently preposterous. It is taking a flight beyond that which any miracle-worker should attempt. Ghosts always appear at night, and to a single person; they have excellent reasons for not walking down Charing Cross at noonday; and miracle-mongers should take the hint. Marshals, and Ministers, and public men generally inhabit a region whose atmosphere they will find to be singularly insalubrious. Now, of all men in the world, a corporal of Zouaves ought to have been afraid of a Marshal; and the absurdity of selecting such a patient almost suggests the otherwise incredible hypothesis that Jacob must be weak enough to believe more or less in himself. Whence we fear that our verdict must be that he is a strangely clumsy practitioner, who does not give sport enough to make his detection interesting.

Poor Jacob, however—for we cannot help pitying so simple-minded a candidate for miraculous honours—has given occasion to various reflections. We are invited to wonder at the latent power of 'superstitious belief which lurks even in the critical atmosphere of Paris; to which we can only reply that it would indeed be wonderful if there were any reason to suppose that people's reasoning powers had improved as fast as their knowledge. The old superstitious edifices have been destroyed, but the critical tools have been used by comparatively few hands, and their use has not as yet become common. Of a hundred people who know that witchcraft is an obsolete piece of nonsense, not ten could appreciate the arguments against it, or detect a similar delusion arrayed in a modern dress. The best we can expect for the present is that such illusions may be speedily checked in future, not that they will find a soil unprepared to receive them. Other weeds have been cut down, but the ground is nearly as fruitful as ever.

Another question, which has been suggested by more intelligent writers, seems to imply that the progress made even by educated minds towards a healthy incredulity is less than might have been expected. It is, of course, fully admitted that Jacob is an impostor, and rather a poor impostor; but this scepticism is grounded partly on the fact that his miracles are only reported by anonymous correspondents, and indeed by persons of the penny-a-lining character. Suppose, it is said, that half a dozen impartial men of science had reported in favour of Jacob, what ought we to believe? If the answer be that we ought to be convinced by them, it would seem that our belief in the general uniformity of the order of nature—its freedom, that is, from mere wanton interruptions—might be upset at any time by the testimony of half a dozen witnesses. And yet it seems to be implied, on the other hand, that we should find it very hard to refuse belief to such a combination. If Professor Tyndall, for example, were converted by the Zouave immediately after writing a late article in the *Fortnightly*, denying the possibility of miracles, ought we not all to become Zouavites? One answer would be that, as Zouaves never do and never will work miracles (understanding of course the purely arbitrarily miracle, connected with no religious system), there will never be any trustworthy testimony in favour of them. If, then, six scientific men can never under any circumstances assert falsely that they have seen a Zouave work miracles, they will never make the assertion at all, and the case will not occur. If it is possible that six scientific men should tell such a lie, it must be reasonable to disbelieve them. Whether the supposed false or mistaken testimony can occur or not, is more than we should like to say; but in any case there will be no real dilemma. Whether it is in fact possible that six Professors should combine to tell a lie is a question which we had rather not answer. However, to waive this argument, let us suppose that six Professor Tyndalls declared that they had seen the supposed occurrences, that they had heard the Zouave say "March!" and seen the paralytic patients run down-stairs. What would be the reasonable conclusion? Let us exclude the most natural explanation of some imposition, and be sure that the patients were really ill, and really cured, and cured by no other means. Then we might, in the first place, suppose that the facts implied the discovery of some new law of nature; as, for example, that paralysis was more under the influence of imagination than had been supposed, or that the sight of red trowsers and turbans exercised a specific effect upon the minds of paralytic patients. This is, of course, wildly improbable; but if we did not doubt the facts it would be the most reasonable hypothesis left. There are many natural laws, especially in medical matters, still unknown to us, and this might be one of them. The scale of belief is weighed down on one side by the enormous *a priori* improbability that such a strange law could possibly exist in spite of its total unlikeness to all we know from phenomena hitherto observed. Still it would be doubtless possible to imagine a sufficient weight of testimony to overcome a disbelief which itself rests upon the testimony of previous observers. Whether six Professors would be enough may be doubtful, but if we took sixty or six hundred we might doubtless accumulate at last a sufficient weight to overbalance our incredulity.

Suppose, however, that on further observation even this hypothesis were excluded. It is difficult, if not impossible, to imagine how it could be done; but we will assume that the choice finally lay between a miracle and a disbelief in the veracity or competence of the witnesses. Of course, if the miracle were worked in sup-

port of a religion which otherwise commended itself to our minds, the difficulty of accepting it would disappear. In that case, as Mr. Mill has observed in his *Logic*, a sufficient cause is brought into operation. If it is reasonable to believe in the interference of a being of supernatural powers, there is no difficulty in accepting this or any other well-authenticated miracle on evidence which would satisfy us in other cases. In short, Paley's answer to Hume would apply conclusively. But in the supposed instance there is no pretence of the kind. We are asked to believe in a gratuitous miracle—in the power of a Zouave to suspend the relation of cause and effect by the simple action of his will. And, in this case, Hume's sceptical argument will apply, for we then admit, in the particular instance, the truth of the assumption upon which he proceeded as holding generally—namely, that no irregular interference by a power out of the natural order takes place. He tried to prove, and, as all Christians believe, failed to prove, that we could never reasonably believe in such an interference; and that proof is essential to his argument. When the assumption is admitted, however, in a given case, his inferences are logical enough. Our belief in the uniform order of nature is so strong that no evidence could be strong enough to substantiate the occurrence of a capricious departure from it in a single case. The opposing induction is too complete and extensive. It is true that it rests ultimately upon experience, but the experience is indefinitely wide and complicated. To use our former illustration, the scale of unbelief is now weighed down by such an enormous weight that we cannot sufficiently load the opposite scale by any number of Professors. Before, we had to raise many tons in one scale by filling the other with ounces. Now we have a weight like that of the earth itself to be raised by the same means.

It is conceivable, indeed, that one still stronger case might arise. We may suppose the scale not merely weighed down, but actually fastened by irremovable bonds to the ground. Suppose that any number of men swore that they had seen two and two make five in a particular case. If this were so, we should apparently have no alternative but to believe either that everybody else was mad or that we were mad. To state the hypothesis almost amounts to supposing that the whole order of things is changed, and very perplexing results may happen from such suppositions. Fortunately, they are not likely to be tried in practice. Meanwhile, though this last case may differ indefinitely from the preceding, they come practically to much the same thing, just as it matters little whether a man tries to raise the *Great Eastern* with his little finger or to raise the earth itself. Whether there is any such difference between them—a difference of kind as well as of degree—is a metaphysical question which fortunately does not apply to the present discussion.

SAINT VALERY.

IT is remarkable that the place whose name, perhaps beyond all others, binds together the history of England and of Normandy lies beyond the borders of the Norman Duchy. The fleet in which the Conqueror sailed for the conquest of England started from Saint Valery; but, oddly enough, though there is a Norman Saint Valery, it was not from that Saint Valery that the fleet started. In fact, if the local historians of the Picard Saint Valery tell us the truth, the Norman Saint Valery is altogether an impostor. Saint Walaric, whose name has got softened into Valery, was a saint of Merovingian times, who did much to evangelize the still heathen districts on the Somme. An abbey rose over his burying-place, and a town and a castle rose in the neighbourhood of the abbey. But it would seem that the princes of that part of the world had a peculiar passion for carrying off the remains of the local apostle. The body of Saint Walaric was first stolen by Arnulf, Count of Flanders, who, if Norman writers are to be believed, was (at least among laymen) the greatest rascal of the tenth century, and who perhaps thought to atone for some of his misdeeds by this pious theft. Hugh Capet, Duke, King, and Abbot, with a stricter sense of what was becoming, put the saint in his place again. But he was again carried off by a more renowned prince than either of his former devotees, Richard, King of England and Duke of Normandy, who was not satisfied till he provided his spoil with a new Saint Valery in his own dominions. We have not cared to follow up the posthumous history of Saint Walaric any further, as the main interest of the spot called after him centres round a point of time earlier than Richard and later than Arnulf and Hugh. Our only point is that the fleet of William set sail from Saint Valery on the Somme, and not, as has sometimes been fancied, from Saint Valery in Caux.

The valley of the Somme is one of the chosen fields for paleontologists and primeval antiquaries, as a region whose contents throw special light on the question of the antiquity of man. And even a non-scientific eye can see that both nature and art have been busily at work about the estuary of the river within historical times. An island called Leuconaus is said to have got joined on to the main land, at all events since Roman times. How any place in Northern Gaul came by such a Greek-sounding name as Leuconaus we cannot pretend to decide. A local writer says it ought to be Leakness, which he says is Celtic, though to our ears it sounds remarkably like Teutonic. But as both the geological and what Sir Francis Palgrave would call the "onomastic" change seem to have taken place before the days of William the Conqueror, we will leave them to those whom they specially concerned. The chief changes since the eleventh century—besides,

of course, the increase of the rail, most of the busy little Consulates since then ancient Sain nearer to supplanted. But, under requirement instead of must go on hanging at Here it was month of the parish of the town masonry, an clinging ag unusual po They show The abbey and the or correct to s The fate of land than undergone considerable destroyed. abbey may is still in monly rebu style or to use. So Caen, and a private ornament which we less comm Saint Val and so doe the small remains at that actua cession, w able wind south alia The forme too late in But ne curiosity stands, cl tower of stones, me single arc seem, at r feature. of a wind may call Now of w tainly is Roman w Duchy, w sory is mediæval wall indec terial amc stone. T town wal of defence neither be legend at rons that shipwreck by Count out, Harc Beaumain so he tell monument l'idee de about thi rous or which th guess of the son c must be only man struck u of some Danish p abbey ag that the Bhatan

of course, the rebuilding of most things—have been the vast increase of the town and port, the “canalization” of the river, and, most important of all for the traveller, the making of the railway. A branch of the Great Northern Railway of France spans the estuary with a huge viaduct, and lands the inquirer at a busy little town, which he soon sees, by the presence of Vice-Consulates of various nations, to be of more commercial importance than he might think at first sight. But this is not the ancient Saint Valery. Usually modern improvements carry ports nearer to the sea than they were in ancient times. Havre has supplanted Harfleur, and Newport has supplanted Caerleon. But, under the peculiar circumstance of the Somme, modern requirements have carried the haven a little way up the river instead of a little way down. For the ancient Saint Valery we must go on further, and we shall presently find it on a hill overlooking at once the modern town and the broad estuary itself. Here it was that the Norman fleet, after its first attempt at the mouth of the Dive, finally assembled and sailed across to Pevensey. The parish church is first seen, rising immediately above the walls of the town, which walls, on this side, towards the water, are of fine masonry, and in singularly good preservation, no parasitic buildings clinging against them. The walls indeed are preserved during an unusual portion of their extent, and two of the town-gates remain. They show clearly how small was the area of the ancient town. The abbey lies outside of the town, or, considering the history and the original relative importance of the two, it might be more correct to say that the town lies outside the precinct of the abbey. The fate of this famous church is one which is more usual in England than in France. The great monastic churches of France have undergone various kinds of treatment, and we need not say that a considerable proportion have been desecrated, ruined, or wholly destroyed. But, on the whole, the normal condition of a French abbey may be said to be this. The ancient church survives, and is still in use as a parish church; the monastic buildings, commonly rebuilt in the last century without any regard to mediæval style or to ancient monastic arrangement, are put to some public use. So it is with Saint Ouen's at Rouen, Saint Stephen's at Caen, and countless others. For a monastery to be turned into a private house, and for the ruins of the church to become an ornament of the garden or the park, is an arrangement with which we are perfectly familiar in England, but which is much less common in France. It is so at Jumièges; it is so also at Saint Valery. The surrounding wall of the monastery remains, and so does one gate; the greatness of the abbey is as striking as the smallness of the ancient town. But of the church itself the remains are small; and there seem to be no traces whatever of that actual building from which the monks came forth in procession, with all their relics and holy things, to pray for a favourable wind for the invader of England. Part of the wall of the south aisle remains, and part of the chapels east of the transepts. The former fragment is of fine Romanesque work, but seemingly too late in the style to have been there in the days of William.

But neither the town-wall nor the abbey forms the greatest curiosity of Saint Valery. Below the hill on which the town stands, close down upon the shore, is the stump of a huge round tower of the roughest masonry. It is built wholly of uncut stones, mere pebbles, but set in mortar of amazing strength. A single arch near the ground, now blocked—and blocked, it would seem, at no recent time—is the nearest approach to an architectural feature. But this arch—the art of a drain, perhaps, rather than of a window—is of the rudest possible work; its voussoirs, if one may call them so, are put together in an almost Cyclopean style. Now of what date is this fragment? One's first impression certainly is that it must belong to the days intermediate between Roman work and what, though beyond the bounds of the Norman Duchy, we may most conveniently call Norman work. The masonry is certainly not Roman, and it is quite unlike the fine mediæval masonry of the abbey and the town-wall. In the abbey wall indeed we find pebble work in some parts, but only as one material among others, courses of pebbles relieved by courses of better stone. The tower seems to have no natural connexion with the town walls, though of course it may have been taken in to their plan of defence. Now, in trying to find out what this tower is, we must neither be led away nor turned away by its guide-book name and the legend attached to it. It is called *la tour de Harold*, and the story runs that it was here that Earl Harold was confined, when he was shipwrecked somewhere on this coast and seized and imprisoned by Count Guy of Ponthieu. But, as a local writer truly points out, Harold was not confined at Saint Valery, but at Belrem or Beaurain. The very name of Harold as applied to the tower is, so he tells us, a misconception—“Cette tour, que les gens du pays nomment *la tour à rauts ou à ros*, ce qui a donné à quelque savant l'idée de prononcer *tour Harold*.” We should like to know more about this matter. The writer unluckily does not tell us what *tour à rauts* or *à ros* means, and we should like to know the evidence on which the name *tour de Harold* is pronounced to be simply the guess of some *savant*. Not that we at all connect the tower with the son of Godwine. Any tradition or conjecture to that effect must be an error. But Harold of England was by no means the only man of his name who ever appeared on these coasts. What struck us was that this vast rude tower was probably the remains of some structure of Carolingian times, possibly a fortress of Danish pirates, more probably an outpost for the defence of the abbey against them. In either case nothing is more likely than that the name of the renowned Danish King, the famous Harold Blaatand, who fills so large a space in the Norman history

of the tenth century, should get attached to such a building. All this is mere conjecture, and somewhat perilous conjecture, on our part; but we cannot bring ourselves to believe that this strange fragment, standing so detached and having such a character of its own, is simply a part of the later mediæval defences, though no doubt those who reared those defences would take care to utilize the tower in some way or other.

About the *tour de Harold* we are merely throwing out hints, which may be worth something or nothing. But the question of its origin, after all, leaves the deep historical interest of Saint Valery where it was. Had no special event ever taken place there, the mere site, the group of ancient buildings so comparatively untouched, and placed on so picturesque a spot, would of itself be striking and attractive. The church, which rises so well over the walls, is not specially interesting as a piece of architecture, but its numerous gables make it a most picturesque and varied object in the general view. The loss of the abbey is much to be deplored; but in a certain sense it is not missed. No one who did not know that the great monastery of Saint Valery had once existed in the neighbourhood would look for anything of the kind. Altogether Saint Valery, even independently of its great historical associations, is a taking spot. And here it was that the great fleet set out which was to change the fate of England and of the world. Follow it across the Channel, and we see it come to shore at a spot still more remarkable. Saint Walaric, his abbey and his tower, hardly rival the association of the deserted site of Anderida, the Roman walls, the mediæval castle, the two mediæval churches, the memory of the landing of the Conqueror of England, not effacing the memory of the earlier conqueror of Britain. There it was that Ælle and Cissa stormed the Roman city and left not a Briton alive therein. William did not, and could not, follow any such system of extermination. Lawful King of the English, in his own idea, he came to rule over the English and not to destroy them. But it is to the fact that so terrible a system of warfare was in use in the fifth century and was not in use in the eleventh, that we owe that, after all our revolutions, we are still Englishmen.

THE LAW COURTS AND COMPETITION.

EVER since this journal existed, we have been the advocates, through good report and bad, of the principle of competition in public architecture. We were convinced that, with all its complications, and with all the impediments which must occur where machinery so delicate has to be driven by hands not always deft and drivers not always dispassionate, competition alone could guarantee that favouritism should not, in the long run, win the day, and genius go to the wall. It is accordingly with unfeigned mortification that we have now to sit down and record that competition in architecture, admirable as it is in itself, has for the last dozen years been so unfortunate in its results as to stand before the British public about as much discredited as its railroad namesake—the target of hostile criticism, and the fatal parent of unworthy and pernicious personal squabbles.

The competition, about twelve years since, for Lille Cathedral was a challenge to Europe, and Europe found itself tailing off behind three young men from England—Mr. Burges, supported by Mr. Clutton, carrying off the first prize, and Mr. Street the second, while the French Paladin, M. Lassus, only took the third, fell sick, and died; and so, as a propitiatory offering to his manes, the prize designs all round were confiscated and handed over to the manipulation of some little local favourite. The smaller competition for the church of Constantinople ended in Mr. Burges coming out at the head, followed by Mr. Street; and so corporate wisdom assigned the actual work to the second man. The great event of the fight for the Public Offices was one of exceptional importance for all who cared for architecture and for London. How, from first to last, it slid from one mishap into another is now a matter of ancient history, and our present concern is with the moderns. After this great *fiasco* it was not extraordinary that Mr. Cowper's sufficiently unattractive, though by no means un lucrative, invitation for a museum upon the howling wilderness where once the Dilkoosha sprawled should receive a very scanty response. As it was, Captain Fowke came out victor in a purely architectural competition; and although his claim was fiercely challenged by a less fortunate prizeman, we do not grudge the reward due to the industry of one whose merits were, we believe, his own, while his blunders were chiefly those of his position and his employers. Some provincial competitions fared better, because the stake was not so considerable, or the venue so accessible, as to provoke the jealous interference of rival authorities; and no one, we believe, has been found to assert that Mr. Crossland did not rightly build Rochdale Town Hall, Mr. Waterhouse the Manchester Assize Courts, and Mr. Burges Cork Cathedral.

But in the meanwhile, unlimited competition being fairly used up, not from its own fault, the great men who sit smiling aloft at the Office of Works or at South Kensington, to watch over the life of poor art, conceived the great idea of limited contests. The first experiment ran smoothly, for in spite of the fussy provocations of the clique who had dubbed themselves the Prince Consort's art executors, national good feeling was determined to help on his Memorial, and so Mr. Scott's gorgeous and grandiose monument was generally and cheerfully accepted. Encouraged by this success, Mr. Cowper, dictator of architecture since the death of Lord Palmerston, met the new

Parliament in 1866 with the Napoleonic project of two great limited competitions—one for the National Gallery, and the other for the Law Courts. In the former he was paramount; in the latter he found himself "Governor in Council," with a surrounding of lawyers who voted art a bore, and were afraid of being hustled out of their Courts by crowds of emulous architects studying the playful ways of the British Themis. So the first proposal was to entrust the Law Courts to a select list of half a dozen chosen men; and after the precedent of the Laird who hung an honest man on one side of his gateway to match the thief on the other, half a dozen was to be also the magic number for the National Gallery. The House of Commons, however, took the liberty of having a view of its own, and ultimately the two lists were made up with a short dozen apiece of competitors, comprising approximately the most eminent names of the architectural fraternity. On the whole, Mr. Cowper deserves much credit for his good intentions. But the enterprise was too ambitious. Two first-class competitions, though limited, overtaxed the architectural resources of one season, especially as the time allowed to the competitors, although enlarged by a new and hostile Government, was wholly insufficient. The difficulty was aggravated by the impossibility of making out two perfectly distinct lists of competitors. Finally, in the case of the National Gallery, of which the arrangements rested exclusively with the Office of Works, the instructions to competitors were vague, incomplete, and puzzling, and by a strange oversight they were framed without conference with the trustees and officials of the institution for whose use the building was intended. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that this, the less important of the two competitions, broke down, to the great disappointment—but not, all things considered, to the discredit—of the eminent men who had accepted the challenge.

The Law Court competition ran the contrary risk of killing by kindness and overlaying by anxious nurses. We said so at the time when we first reviewed the designs, and we seem but too likely to prove true prophets. We expressed our fears that the complication of Committees delegated to look at the drawings upside and down, front and back, would end in reducing the functions of the five judges—all, except Sir William Stirling Maxwell, appointed on the whimsical recommendation, for an art tribunal, of being Whig officials, and refreshed by two architectural assessors who were originally named as not having a taste—to an absurdity and an impossibility. As we feared, the Whig judges have come to a decision which a Tory Treasury can't understand and won't accept. Still, there stands the collection of competing designs, collectively a noble monument of the actual condition of English architectural progress. We say this deliberately, although the whole collection has been tomahawked by a Quarterly Reviewer, whose atrabilious sentimentality stands out among a farrago of highly proper though disconnected architectural suggestions more true than new, and most of which, stripped of the critic's ambitious verbiage, we remember to have already made acquaintance with in the writings of Messrs. Scott, Street, Burges, and other architect-authors. This gentleman solemnly lays down the proposition that it is a pity the works cannot cover even more ground than it is proposed that they should do. To this we thoroughly agree, if more ground can be got. He then carps at the palatial type which nearly all the competitors adopted, alleging the threadbare fact that mediæval buildings were picturesque through the sacrifice of regularity; forgetting that this phenomenon was the result of their having been gradually raised at different times and under different circumstances, and that when, in the thirteenth or fourteenth century, any one man had to turn out one big building at one time, he no more tried to fly in the face of proportion and balance of parts than Phidias or Sir Charles Barry was accustomed to do under similar conditions. The corollary is whimsical, that the Strand façade of the Law Courts ought to be a line of shop-fronts. Here we leave the critic.

The puzzled judges—apprehending by Committee-light that Mr. E. M. Barry's was the best plan, and fancying most Mr. Street's elevations—report that the one architect whom they had to choose should be a fusion of those two gentlemen; Mr. Barry having to furnish the internal organs, and Mr. Street to mould the figure and face. The Treasury cannot see that this is the fulfilment of their commission, and the public is inclined to take the same view. At the same time it is fair to say that, though an unsatisfactory and we consider an unsound decision, it is not a wholly absurd one. Mr. Barry's plan is, on the face of it, compact and practical; and Mr. Street, while he misses the merit of regular and well-balanced dignity, is eminently picturesque. Yet the judges could not well have coupled together two men the respective motives of whose designs are more incongruous and difficult to weld together. On this account, and because we consider a plausibly unsound decision more likely to be permanently mischievous than one the absurdity of which would prevent its growing into a precedent, we hope that the whole matter will be reconsidered without prejudice.

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, in a well-argued article, suggests a fresh competition of two degrees, the first being for the ground plan only. There is so much that is attractive in this suggestion as applied to competition in general, that we are sorry not to be able, on considering it in its various bearings, to accept the notion. It would only shift, not extinguish, the difficulty. We assume that its advocate, in calling for a competition of ground plans, means that the contest, no less than one for an entire building, should be clear and sharp as a horse-race, leading

up to the success of one competitor. If all that is meant is the acquisition, by tender, of a number of good notions which the managers can afterwards work up into a model plan, the suggestion is only a magnificent project for drawing up, in a roundabout way, a faultless schedule of instructions. But, assuming that the plan-prizeman is to be a *bonâ fide* laureate, how is the architect of intellect to put down his plan upon paper without raising the superstructure in his mind? This series of chambers must be a mass of rooms, larger or smaller, so many stories high, and lighted in such or such a way; that Law Court must be long or short, narrow or broad, open to the roof or chambered over; that hall must be round or square or oblong, it must have or it must forego aisles, it must stand upstairs or downstairs; those record-safes must fill one tall, or two low, towers; and so on. Accordingly the planner will have really worked out the building itself, minus the mouldings and the window forms, in the course of the preliminary contest. Supposing, then, one plan to stand out incomparably first (because in all probability it was the plan of the man who had all along carried the superstructure well in his mind's eye), what an injustice it would be to the planner if, in the second competition, the meretricious pictures of some showy draftsman, who was clever at ornament though a dunce at arrangement, should carry off the glory of the visible completion of the solid conception from the genuine author! But suppose (which is more likely) a number of plans, all fairly good, none clearly ahead of the rest, all with their strong and with their weak points, what could the judges do? Must they, with their eyes open, call for the final competition on a system of bad chambers for the sake of good hall and courts; or on a system of inferior courts, in consideration of the capital offices? If, in their dilemma, they were to cut up the prize, and hash up their own plan, they would only revive the Barry-Street perplexity in a more aggravated form.

The fact is that the remedy lies very near home, and has only been overlooked because it is so simple. The true object of an architectural competition is not to forestall the subsequent and laborious work which must be given to the preparation of the elaborate drawings of the finally settled buildings. This would be to waste the resources of all the unsuccessful candidates. The scope of such a competition ought to be to get just enough to enable really capable judges to find out who the man was who had conceived the best idea of the building required. But unluckily the managers of competitions have, almost without exception, been popularity hunters, and they have never had the moderation to eschew the vain pomp and glory of a fine public show of gaudy drawings and intricate plans at the expense of the architects—many of them poor men whom they have enticed into the competition. Let it be proclaimed at the next London competition, as we believe the authorities of Manchester have just done at the competition for their new Town Hall, that a competition is a means, not an end—that it implies a building and not an exhibition—and we may still, though tardily, retrieve our lost ground; provided always that the judges are chosen, not for their legal acumen or party fidelity, but for their knowledge of the principles of the art on which they are adjudicating. A competition of two degrees, in which a first class of general conceptions should be elicited on rough sketches, and the chosen men then well paid for more complete designs with a view to the final selection of the one first man, is not open to the objections which surround a competition for plans only, and we should not be sorry to see the experiment tried, as is proposed at Manchester.

In the case, however, of the Law Courts, and in view of the elaborate designs at Lincoln's Inn, there is absolutely no need for any fresh machinery. The eleven tenders already sent in afford amply sufficient elements out of which to pick the right man. All that is wanted is fresh minds and fresh eyes, and the prosings of the Commission and the Committees pigeon-holed for the nonce. When the man is selected, let him be condemned (it will be a *memento mori* that will take down any undue pride at his own success) to read over that dreary mass of literature, and, if he can, inwardly to digest it. For our own part, not having the responsibility of judges, we have arrived at a definite conclusion, and the heavy pounding of the *Quarterly* has not shaken us in it. We do not pretend to have made out the best plan; but we have no doubt as to the man who has shown the most capacity to plan—the man whose designs indicate the highest architectural power, and who can therefore be most safely trusted with the execution of a building which may either be a stinging reproach to the age and nation or a world's monument. We mean Mr. Burges. Every architect has his risky point. Unluckily Mr. Burges's risk lay in his towers, and the *Quarterly* has not neglected its opportunity to denounce them. We hardly suppose that the judges can have been weak enough not to have realized that the machicolations and cappings of these towers—good or bad—have nothing to do with the general mass. Mr. Burges, for reasons mainly of a practical nature, thought it better to propose a small and not a large hall in the centre. We can hardly imagine that the judges were of opinion that Mr. Burges would have been grieved if he had been told to recast his design with the introduction of a central hall large enough to admit the public. Our pleadings are of course idle to those who cannot appreciate the merit of Mr. Burges's broad idea. To those who can, the chance of such a building for such an object having been once possible, and having then been rejected, will be felt, not as a mere disappointment, but as a misfortune.

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REVIEWS.

BERKELEY'S METAPHYSICAL WORKS.*

HARDLY any English writer on philosophical subjects has obtained a reputation so pleasant in itself as Bishop Berkeley. It is impossible to read his works without feeling for their author something of the sentiment which led Pope to attribute to him "every virtue under heaven." In all that he writes there is an air of genuine goodness, united with an amount of precision and force of thought, and also with an enthusiasm for his opinions, to which it would not be easy to find any parallel in his own time and country. Besides this, it ought to be said in his favour that he is always high-minded and public-spirited. The only charge indeed which can properly be brought against him is that, though no writer of his age had greater intellectual gifts—if indeed any one was his equal in acuteness of thought and accuracy of expression—he cared too much for the utility and too little for the truth of his speculations. His inquiry into the nature of human knowledge, his dialogues on the same subject, and *Siris*, are undoubtedly three of the most subtle speculations of the eighteenth century, yet each is mainly directed towards a rigidly practical object. To confound scepticism, atheism, and irreligion is the object of his inquiry into the reality of matter. To preach the virtues of tar-water, which he does with an unhesitating conviction and an unequalled vigour of language which reminds one at times of the literary department of the establishment of Moses and Son, and of Morison's British College of Health, is the main object of what may also be regarded as a treatise on ancient philosophy.

Of the three works on which Berkeley's metaphysical reputation rests, the first—the treatise on the *Principles of Human Knowledge*—was published in 1710, when its author was only twenty-six years of age. The *Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous* were published three years afterwards, and *Siris* in 1744, in his fiftieth year. He was far from being a voluminous writer, for the *Minute Philosopher*, published in 1732, some mathematical tracts, and a few occasional, though very remarkable, sermons and pamphlets, make up the list of his publications. The *Theory of Vision*, which may be put half-way between his mathematical and his metaphysical writings, was his earliest work, being published in 1709. It was perhaps because he published so little that Berkeley was one of the most consistent and pertinacious of philosophers. In every one of his works, the doctrines which he announced at twenty-five, to the great astonishment and almost to the scandal of his contemporaries, are maintained with unabated vigour and complete consistency, and they are always connected with the same practical results. We will try to give some account of his views, for though their general tendency is sufficiently well known, there is, we think, a good deal of misunderstanding as to their real nature, and as to their place in the history of English philosophical thought.

The essay on the *Principles of Human Knowledge* is to a great extent in the nature of a refutation of part of Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding*. Berkeley's great object was, as he says, to deliver philosophy, "the study of wisdom and truth," from "the uncouth paradoxes, difficulties, and inconsistencies which multiply and grow upon us as we advance in speculation," and from which he thought Locke's philosophy was not more free than that of his predecessors—a doctrine which he would probably have supported by reference, amongst other things, to the twenty-third chapter of the Second Book of the *Essay*, on *Our Ideas of Substances*, in which Locke teaches that our faculties are dark and weak, and are fitted only "to provide for the conveniences of living," but not for acquiring knowledge of the "true essence, secret composition, and radical texture of bodies." Of this limitation Berkeley was impatient. He says, "The far greater part of the difficulties which have hitherto amused philosophers are entirely owing to this theory; that we have first raised a dust and then complain we cannot see." Clear away the puzzles needlessly introduced into philosophical speculation by the philosophers, and you would be able, thought Berkeley, to speculate with perfect clearness, and to solve every question which could be stated, at all events in natural philosophy. Of the puzzles thus introduced the two most important were, first, a false notion of abstraction; and, secondly, the doctrine of the existence of matter. The process of abstraction, as described by Locke, consists in analysing the various objects which we perceive into their elements, and in then regarding such of those elements as are common to a number of different things as general abstract ideas. "For instance, there is perceived by sight an object extended, coloured, and moved; this mixed or compound idea the mind resolving into its simple constituent parts, and viewing each by itself, exclusive of the rest, does frame the abstract ideas of extension, colour, and motion." By the application of this process to complex things, such as men, animals, trees, &c., the mind can frame abstract ideas of them as well as of extension or colour. Thus, the abstract idea of man

includes colour and stature, but no particular colour and no particular stature. Berkeley altogether denied the possibility of such a process, the results of which he describes as monstrous and incredible. He totally denied, for instance, that we could form the general idea of a triangle which, in Locke's words, "must be neither oblique nor rectangle, neither equilateral, equicrural, nor scalenon, but all and none of these at once." His own view was that words are only symbols, and that abstract words are only the names of parts of things common to an indefinite number of particular things to which the same name is applied. "An idea which, considered in itself, is particular, becomes general by being made to represent or stand for all other particular things of the same sort." I draw a triangle on a piece of a paper, and argue from it about all triangles, and this is perfectly legitimate so long as the triangle from which I argue has the same qualities as those about which I conclude. I take, say, a right-angled equilateral triangle as the specimen, from which I demonstrate the proposition that its three angles are equal to two right angles, and this demonstration applies to all triangles, whether right-angled and equilateral or not, inasmuch as neither of those qualities are in any way introduced into or relied upon in the course of the demonstration. I am arguing, therefore, not about the abstract idea of a triangle, as described by Locke, but about one specific triangle which is the type of all figures whatever that have in common with it the property of being enclosed by three straight lines.

What, it may be asked, is the practical difference between these theories? The best answer to this is to be found in a reference to Locke's political works, and those of his disciples—Warburton, for instance, in his *Alliance of Church and State*. As we have pointed out on former occasions, the effect of Locke's theory of abstract ideas, when applied to such topics, is to produce what has the appearance of a remarkable inconsistency with the rest of his theories. His abstract ideas become a sort of bastard innate ideas, for whether you are told that such and such things are laws of nature because they follow from the abstract idea of justice or of a State, or from the innate ideas of justice or a State, is really of very little importance. The notion that there are such things as abstract ideas had its origin, according to Berkeley, in a misconception of the use of language. Locke's account of them was that they were "made in order to naming," and this he connected with the further opinion that every word ought to have some one precise settled signification. This, said Berkeley, is not the case. "There is no such thing as one precise and definite signification attached to any general name, they all signifying indifferently a great number of particular ideas." Words, in short, he regarded not as the medium by which ideas were to be raised in the mind, but rather as symbols, like the symbols of algebra, which are capable of representing an indefinite number of particular things. By getting rid of abstract ideas Berkeley expected to simplify very materially the whole process of thought. First, he expected to get rid of all merely verbal controversies, because, as words, in his view, were only counters reducible to particular specific thoughts and not denoting abstract ideas, he would be always able to translate his language into perfectly intelligible thoughts:—

So long as I confine my thoughts to my own ideas divested of words I do not see how I can be easily mistaken. The objects I consider I clearly and adequately know. I cannot be deceived in thinking I have an idea which I have not. It is not possible for me to imagine that any of my own ideas are like or unlike that are not truly so. To discern the agreements or disagreements that are between my ideas, to see what ideas are included in any compound idea, and what not, there is nothing more requisite than an attentive perception of what passes in my own understanding.

Having thus, as he considered, laid the foundation for clearness of thought in a proper theory of the functions of language and the nature of words, Berkeley proceeds to use the instrument which he has devised.

He reckons up three different sets of ideas—those which are imprinted on the senses, those which are perceived by attending to the operations of the mind, and those which are formed by the help of memory and imagination. Besides these, he says, there is the mind itself, that which knows or perceives these ideas, and which is called "I, mind, spirit, soul, or myself"—a thing distinct from all ideas whatever, and being that wherein they exist, and whereby they are perceived. These ideas, moreover, exist only in so far as they are perceived:—

Their *esse* is *percipi*, nor is it possible they should have any existence out of the minds, or thinking beings, which perceive them. Consequently so long as they are not actually perceived by me, or do not exist in my mind, or in that of any other created spirit, they must either have no existence at all, or else subsist in the mind of some eternal spirit, it being perfectly unintelligible to attribute to any single part of them an existence independent of a spirit. To be convinced of which the reader need only reflect, and try to separate in his own thoughts the being of a sensible thing from its being perceived.

This is the essence of Berkeley's famous system, and, short as is the statement of it, the whole of the treatise on the principles of human knowledge, and of the dialogues between Hylas and Philonous, is only a development of its various consequences, and an answer to the objections which may be made to it. The phraseology of Berkeley's system is rather puzzling at first sight, and this may probably be the reason, or at least one reason, why, as Hume says, "it admits of no answer, and produces no conviction"; but, if it is carefully examined, the system, we think, will be found to fall into a few of the very plainest propositions that ever were conceived by any human creature, as thus:—

That which we have no reason to believe to exist is to us as if it did not exist.

* 1. A Treatise concerning the Principles of Human Knowledge. Wherein the chief causes of Error and Difficulty in the Sciences, with the grounds of Scepticism, Atheism, and Irreligion, are inquired into.

2. Three Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous, in opposition to Sceptics and Atheists.

3. *Siris*. A Chain of Philosophical Reflections and Inquiries concerning the Virtues of Tar Water; and divers other Subjects connected together and arising One from Another.

We have no reason to believe in the existence of anything unless we either perceive it or infer its existence from something which we do perceive.

We perceive nothing except what we perceive with our senses. The eye perceives colours, the ear sounds, the finger solidity, &c.

Every sensible object, whatever else it is, is a combination of such perceptions. Whatever else a stick may be, it is hardness + weight + a certain colour + a certain sound on being struck + a certain smell, &c.

But, besides these things, there is nothing else in the stick that we know of.

So far, therefore, as we know, the stick is a bundle of perceptions or ideas, and the notion of any substance or matter over and above the immediate objects of our senses is purely gratuitous—a mere metaphysical subtlety, the existence of which we have no more reason to believe than we have to believe, for instance, that there are gryphons in Sirius.

To this extent Berkeley appears to us, not only to be unanswerable, but to produce conviction. That "matter" and "substance," used in any other sense than that of the idea of resistance derived from the touch, are merely unmeaning sounds, and that the endless disputes to which they have given occasion and of which numerous illustrations are to be found, e.g., in Bayle's *Dictionnaire*, are mere unmeaning beatings of the air, appear to us self-evident propositions when they are once fully understood. They are indeed so clear to those who receive them at all that the minute and patient ingenuity with which Berkeley unravels and refutes every conceivable objection to them becomes at last wearisome. More ingenious writing than is to be found in the *Dialogues* between Hylas and Philonous does not exist anywhere; yet, after all, it all comes down to this:—The sum total of our perceptions constitutes the sum total of our knowledge of things without us. There are no other things that we know of except our perceptions. To be and to be perceived are two ways of expressing the same thought, of which one very simple proof is this, that not to be and not to be perceived are obviously identical. What do we mean when we say that there is no money in a purse, except that no one can see or feel any when they look or put their fingers into it? There can, we think, be no doubt that, by the vigorous manner in which he preached this doctrine, Berkeley did considerably simplify speculation. At least he contributed greatly to the growth of the only school of thought which has resolutely turned its mind away from the fantastic and utterly incomprehensible puzzles into which every one may, and indeed must, be driven who supposes that he has some truer and deeper knowledge of things than the aggregate of what his senses tell him.

It appears to us, however, that the great achievement of Berkeley was of this negative kind, and that when he tried to raise a general system of philosophy upon the negative basis which he thus laid down, he failed conspicuously. His great leading doctrine on this subject was that, as *esse* and *percipi* are identical, and inasmuch as things exist when I do not perceive them, there must be some other being who does perceive them; and as this applies to every finite creature, there must be an infinite percipient being who always perceives everything, and so gives it existence. The whole world is thus the thought of God. There is a certain sublimity about this way of viewing the subject, yet it has also its grotesque side. When I leave this room all the furniture in it would cease to be till somebody else came in and looked at it, if the fact that it is perceived by God did not keep it in *esse*. This might be exactly expressed by saying, in the language of English conveyancing, that Berkeley regarded his Maker as a universal trustee to preserve contingent remainders. His theory, if worked out consistently, leads, not to the doctrine that there must be a God to perceive the things which I do not perceive, but that I cannot affirm that the things exist except when I perceive them; and that when I assert that they exist in my absence, all that I mean is that I should perceive them if I were in different circumstances from those in which I actually am. I actually know nothing but my own perceptions. What other people's perceptions may be is only matter of inference, and what God's perceptions may be is matter of remote and difficult inference. Now if it be true that God's perceptions of things differ entirely from man's perceptions, so that where, for instance, man perceives a flat solid piece of wood, God perceives something infinitely more elaborate than any microscope could show to any man, it will follow that as soon as I cease to look at the piece of wood in question the flat solid surface will not be perceived—which is equivalent, in Berkeley's system, to saying it will not exist till I look at it again. It does not exist in God's mind, for that which does exist in God's mind is something altogether different. The idea has to be received into my mind before it can take the particular shape which I perceive—before it can be itself. The fact, therefore, that when I come back to the room where it is I see it where I left it does not prove that there must have been a God taking care of it for me in the interval, for what God perceives is not my perception, but his. The substance of what Berkeley established appears to us to be that the whole of our knowledge of things other than ourselves is made up of the sum total of our perceptions, and that these perceptions are external to us in the sense of being permanent, or at all events of recurring permanently, and according to fixed rules, and of being altogether independent of our own will, by which they are sufficiently distinguished from mere hallucinations created by disease, or chimeras produced by the volun-

tary exertions of our own imaginations—a sufficient answer, by the way, to the absurdly small wit which has often been levelled at Berkeley, for not getting run over by carts, &c.—and that such words as "matter" and "substance," and such inquiries as the question whether matter is or is not infinitely divisible and the like, are simply unmeaning nonsense, about which people ought not to waste time which might be better employed. If any one wishes to see how little real extravagance there is in Berkeley's doctrine, and how very much truth there is in his assertion that he was the real enemy of scepticism and also of mystifications of all kinds, and the real friend of common sense, he had better study the three *Dialogues* between Hylas and Philonous, in which all the popular objections to his theory are discussed and dissipated with perfectly marvellous ingenuity. We have seen a copy of this work, the owner of which had attempted to sum up the controversy between Berkeley and Reid in a marginal pencil note which does state the matter in rather a pointed way:—*Berkeley*: What I perceive is real. *Reid*: I perceive real things.

By far the most curious of Berkeley's writings is the *Siris*. It is indeed as strange a book as ever was written by a man of genius. It is, however, not very difficult to understand how it came to be written. During the greater part of his life Berkeley lived very much alone, either in America or in his diocese of Cloyne, where he appears, amongst other things, to have done a great deal of amateur doctoring; for he was one of the best and most charitable of men, and left nothing untried which could be of service to the poor of his diocese. For some reason or other, he fell violently in love with tar-water; and, being possessed of a great amount of strange and recondite learning about ancient philosophy, and also of a considerable knowledge of the physical science of his own time, he seems to have occupied himself in working up into one strange mass all that he had to say about tar-water, physical science, and ancient philosophy. *Siris* is emphatically an elderly man's book. It has the fancifulness, the enthusiasm, and the accumulated reading which are often to be found in an elderly man who has lived a good deal alone, and is a little apt to be specially positive and enthusiastic about his own particular fancies. The virtues of tar-water, in Berkeley's eyes, were almost miraculous. It would cure foulness of blood, ulceration of bowels, lungs, consumptive coughs, pleurisy, peripneumony, erysipelas, asthma, indigestion, cachectic and hysterical cases, gravel, dropsy, and all inflammations. It was a preservative against small-pox; it was of great use in the gout; it cured gangrene, scurvy, all hypochondriac maladies, and fevers. It was "particularly recommended to seafaring persons, ladies, and men of studious and sedentary habits." It was excellent for children, and it "answered all the purposes of elixir proprietatis, Stoughton's drops, best turpentine, decoction of the woods and mineral waters." Whence came all these virtues? This leads to an inquiry into vegetable life, the nature of air, the "pure ether or invisible fire" of the ancients and moderns; and this of course sets the Bishop off on all his great metaphysical hobbies as to the impossibility that matter should be a cause, as to the necessity of referring all motion to spiritual agency, as to the wisdom of the ancients, as to absolute space and fate, as to innate ideas as conceived of by Plato and Aristotle, as to the excellences of Plato in particular, and finally, as to the Platonic Trinity. This work is followed up by "Farther Thoughts upon Tar-water"—the last of Berkeley's performances, in which we learn that, besides curing almost every kind of disease—cancer, for instance, diabetes, the plague, dropsy, yellow fever, and most other things—it will make stupid children clever:—

It may render them for a time perhaps unseemly with eruptions, but withal healthy and lively, and I will venture to add that it lays in the true principles of a good constitution for the rest of their lives. Even the most heavy, lumpish, and unpromising infants appear to be much improved by it. A child there is in my neighbourhood of fine parts who at first seemed stupid, and an idiot, but by constant use of tar-water grew lively and observing, and is now noted for understanding beyond others of the same age.

It is interesting to contrast the easy natural way in which, in his old age, the Bishop gradually runs through the pure ethereal fire up to the Platonic Trinity, and then gently runs down the scale to "Captain Drape's affidavit of the great and surprising efficacy of tar-water in the cure of the small-pox," with the terse, systematic, combative energy with which in his youth he put forward and defended his speculations about the non-existence of matter.

There are several points in the *Siris* well worthy of more attention than we can at present give to them. For instance, Berkeley gives in a very few words his own theory as to innate ideas, which closely corresponds with one which has of late years been accepted by many writers, and which, as we have pointed out elsewhere, is by no means inconsistent with Locke's doctrine on the subject:—

Aristotle held that the mind of man was a *tabula rasa*, and that there were no innate ideas. Plato, on the contrary, held original ideas in the mind, that is, notions which never were nor can be in the sense such as being, beauty, goodness, likeness, purity. Some perhaps may think the truth to be this: that there are properly no ideas or passive objects in the mind but what are derived from sense; but that there are also besides these her own acts or operations: such are notions.

The whole attitude of Berkeley's mind towards the old philosophers is very remarkable. He held something of the same opinion about them as was long afterwards held by De Maistre, though he expresses it in a much more reasonable and less mystical way. Though for many reasons we may not agree with them, the following passages have a liberal and enthusiastic tone about

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them which is as attractive as the substance of the remarks themselves is noticeable:—

There are traces of profound thought as well as primeval tradition in the Platonic, Pythagorean, Egyptian, and Chaldaic philosophy. Men in those early days were not overlaid with languages and literature. Their minds seem to have been more exercised and less burdened than in later ages; and, as so much nearer the beginning of the world, to have had the advantage of patriarchal lights handed down through a few hands.

The human mind is so much clogged and borne downward by the strong and early impressions of sense, that it is wonderful how the ancients should have made even such a progress and seen so far into intellectual matters without some glimmering of a divine tradition. Whoever considers a parcel of rude savages left to themselves, how they are sunk and swallowed up in some and prejudice, and how unqualified by their natural force to emerge from this state, will be apt to think that the first spark of philosophy was derived from heaven; and that it was, as a heathen writer expresseth it, *θεοεμπόρος φιλοσοφία*.

In the *Timæus* of Plato mention is made of ancient persons, authors of traditions and the offspring of the gods. It is very remarkable that, in the account of the Creation contained in the same piece, it is said that God was pleased with his work, and that the night is placed before the day. The more we think, the more difficult shall we find it to conceive how mere man, grown up in the vulgar habits of life, and weighed down by sensuality, should ever be able to arrive at science without some tradition or teaching which might either sow the seeds of knowledge, or call forth and excite those latent seeds that were originally sown in the soul.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD'S NEW POEMS.*

THOSE who know Mr. Arnold as the author of one of the most exquisite and delightful poems in the language will turn with eagerness to his new volume. To have written *Sohrab and Rustum* was to win the lasting admiration and gratitude of every lover of poetry. The fine harmony of the verse, the stately imagery, the nobly tragical manner of the story, its sombre yet elevated pathos, fill the mind with that joy which it is the poet's chief glory to give. The writer's spirit has travelled in other ways since *Sohrab and Rustum*—has left the serene and cheerful heights and come down among painful sunless places. The grey spirit of his time broods heavily over him, and instead of the light and joy of the poet, he is, like his own Empedocles, filled with the gloom and weariness of the baffled philosopher. From such a mood we may not expect the brightness and life that belong to the best poetry. Thought and feeling saturated and transfigured with Light—how can this, which is distinctively the work of the poet, come from a mind that is distressfully alive to a thousand problems and powerless to grasp a single solution? The poetic Light shines in a tranquil air. There are nature, it is true—Shelley's for example—in which the rush and bound of the thought, in spite of intellectual distractions, seems to kindle light and heat by its own course. But Mr. Arnold is of another calibre. He is one of the poets who are made, who are not born. He is never impetuous, never ebullient. Nowhere even for a moment are we impressed with a sense of spontaneousness. And it is easy to see that this is the genuine result of an original want, and not of the discipline to which he has subjected himself in the severer forms of his favourite classics. Not to speak of the ancients, it is impossible to read pieces like *Athalie* or *Cinna*, whatever we may think of their dramatic merits, without being alive to the broad current of poetic feeling spontaneously flowing within the too rigid channels prescribed for it. If we remember how many poems which the world would not willingly let die have been the products of natures that, like Wordsworth's for example, became deeply poetic by culture and serene meditation, added to fine original susceptibilities, though not the finest, it is no too grievous disparagement to say of a poet that his verse is not the outcome of a spontaneously and ebulliently poetic mind. But it is a serious thing for such a mind to get into the distracting eddies of an epoch like ours, the critical hour of a great spiritual and intellectual interregnum. It is a serious thing for a mind not endowed with an ever-flowing fountain of poetic brightness, its own and inextinguishable, to fall among the shadows of a dim-believing age. We may get, as we do get in the present volume, gracious harmony of verse, delicately pensive moods, stately and grave thoughts, but of light and brightness we get too little, and of the cheerful inspiration of poetic joy scarcely any. There are occasional pieces and stanzas which must be excepted from this criticism, where we have glimpses of the old calmness and luminous objectivity. *Thyrsis* is a poem of perfect delight, exquisite in grave tenderness of reminiscence, rich in breadth of western light, and breathing full the spirit of grey and ancient Oxford—

That sweet city, with her dreaming spires.

It is admirable, not merely for single touching lines, and for single happy expressions and delicate strokes. Like the *Scholar Gipsy*, its companion-piece, in a former volume, it is remarkable for unity and completeness of conception—for that harmoniousness of composition which at once stirs and soothes, excites and satisfies the reader's mind, and which is the object and criterion of art. In *Thyrsis* the poet projects his mind into the outer world with an effect that contrasts but too vividly with the self-brooding tone of the rest of the volume. One can only regret that the mood did not last longer, and has not been more frequent.

Let us turn to *Empedocles on Etna*, the most important piece

in the volume. Empedocles, as the familiar legend tells us, was a Sicilian Greek who flourished probably about the middle of the fifth century before our era. Men revered him for his control over the winds and the rain, for his miraculous skill in the art of medicine, and for the loftiness of his wisdom. The manner of his death is told variously. Some say that he was drawn up in a shining chariot to the seats of the gods. Others tell that, wearied of the praises of men, and perplexed with his life, he plunged into the burning crater of Mount Etna. Mr. Arnold takes the latter legend. This is the whole story. And surely it is evident even to people far inferior to Mr. Arnold in fineness and depth of critical judgment—in which he has barely an equal—that the action here is incurably faulty as the base of a tragedy. He confessed, indeed, in one of his remarkable and instructive prefaces, written fourteen years ago, that he was sensible of the poetical weakness of such a situation as that of Empedocles. "What," he asked, "are the situations from the representation of which, though accurate, no poetical enjoyment can be derived? They are those in which the suffering finds no vent in action; in which a continuous state of mental distress is prolonged, unrelieved by incident, hope, or resistance; in which there is everything to be endured, nothing to be done. In such situations there is inevitably something morbid; in the description of them something monotonous." Precisely. From the moment that Empedocles appears in the pass among the forests that clothe the sides of the fiery mountain, we are filled with mere profitless pain. We know that the catastrophe is certain, and that it is not of a kind that action can modify or prevent or retard. It may be said that we know the same thing in more than one tragedy of the highest order. Take the *Ajax* of Sophocles. Except in the first short dialogue between Ajax, still in his frenzy, and Athéné, the misery of the hero is as monotonous—as little capable, that is, of being alleviated by any incident, hope or resistance—as is the fate of Empedocles himself. We know that the Greek hero is doomed, and that the sympathizing strains of Tecmessa and the mariners from Salamis, and his own passionate and stern lamentations, cannot avert or delay the terrible climax. Does this, then, fall within the class of dramatic situations to which Empedocles belongs? On the contrary, there is a most important distinction. Ajax is the unhappy victim of the anger of the gods. We are horrified at his fate, but the horror is deeply penetrated by religious awe. The spectator prays that never upon him may the ire of Athéné fall, and he trembles with devout pity for the ill-fated hero. With Empedocles the case is very different. In his dreadful end the gods have no part. The self-inflicted destruction of a philosopher, however sublime the exposition of the intellectual miseries and misgivings which have prompted the act, cannot affect us with anything but a helpless and unelevating distress. The graceful and musical verses which Mr. Arnold has put into the mouth of Callicles at the close of the tragedy are not able to transform the dreary pain with which we have pictured Empedocles plunging into the crater, into that mood of repose and resignation in which it should be the aim of the dramatist to leave us. For one thing, it may be said in passing, we have some difficulty to discover what idea it is that may be supposed to incorporate Callicles's song with what has gone before.

There is another consideration which points still more impressively to the unfitness of the story of Empedocles for dramatic treatment. It is fatally wanting in what may be called social interest, and without this social interest, the presence, directly or allusively, of love and human sympathies and human relations, it is impossible to affect the outside mind tragically. The sublimest philosopher declaiming on a mountain-top may teach one many wise and noble things, but noble declamation on life is not enough to kindle in one a warm and deep interest in the declaimer's fate. Man in speculative isolation cannot be dramatic. To be this, he must enter into the common field of human passion and affection. He will enter it in his own way, but if he simply stands aloof and finally meets or precipitates his fate without ever entering it at all, he is not a really tragical character, nor does his story afford a really tragical situation. Imagine *Hamlet* with everything omitted by particular desire except the Prince of Denmark—without Ophelia or Polonius or Gertrude. And who would care to listen to Faust's communings with his own spirit, or feel a tragical concern in his inexorable destiny, if he did not show himself human and did not participate in the common human passion?

Empedocles lived in the moment of the decline of the objective faith of the old Greek philosophy. Man had begun to turn from speculation as to the constitution and source of the Cosmos to speculation on the nature of his own mind; he had begun to doubt the trustworthiness of the senses and of reason. It was a time of many questions and few answers. Anger and impatience against the rising sophistry and scepticism were the moods most natural to a mind that could look back on days when Dialectic had not been discovered and Sophists were not. It is Mr. Arnold's own sympathy with such moods that has misled him to select so undramatic and impracticable a subject. In the second act, where Empedocles is left to soliloquize, the monotony is irredeemable. There is little ebb and flow, little alternation; no swift chasing of lights and shadows across the philosopher's soul, no fire ever and anon breaking through the profound gloom. The despair of the situation masters the poet, and the solemn energy which marks the long ode of Empedocles to Pausanias seems wholly to disappear in the second act. The nearest approach to that energy without which the reader refuses his ear is perhaps in the following lines:—

* *New Poems*. By Matthew Arnold. London: Macmillan & Co. 1867.

And yet what days were those Parmenides!
 When we were young, when we could number friends
 In all the Italian cities like ourselves,
 When with elated hearts we join'd your train,
 Ye sun-born Virgins! on the road of truth.
 Then we could still enjoy, then neither thought
 Nor outward things were closed and dead to us,
 But we received the shock of mighty thoughts
 On simple minds with a pure natural joy;
 And if the sacred load oppressed our brain,
 We had the power to feel the pressure eased,
 The brow unbound, the thoughts flow free again,
 In the delightful commerce of the world.
 We had not lost our balance then, nor grown
 Thought's slaves, and dead to every natural joy!
 The smallest thing could give us pleasure then!
 The sports of the country people,
 A flute note from the woods,
 Sunset over the sea;
 Seed time and harvest,
 The reapers in the corn,
 The vine-dresser in his vineyard,
 The village-girl at her wheel.

The rest of the passage is too long to transcribe here, but if the reader will refer to it, he will find there more than anywhere else something like that vivid, steady sustentation of feeling without which the verse is not poetry, but only cunningly worked prose.

Notwithstanding its radical faultiness in point of situation, *Empedocles on Etna* is a poem that nearly every verse-writer of our time might study with high advantage. This may be said of most of the pieces in the present volume. The characteristic excess of Mr. Arnold's poems is the characteristic defect of nearly all the verse that is now written. He overweights his poetry with thought. And this is precisely the quality in which most modern English poetry is thoroughly wanting. Of melodious verse, of graceful sentiment, of commonplace prettily put, we have enough and more than enough in the thousand imitators of the Laureate. In high-wrought and rapturous passion on the one hand, and, far different, in blowsy canting sentimentalism, as in *London Poems* and the like, we do not fail. But of bright, wide, large-eyed thought, Mr. Browning is the only great living poetic master, and his grievously bad art has unhappily destroyed, or at least profoundly impaired, what might have been the most robust and invigorating of the literary influences of the time. The sovereignty of the drawing-room school of poetry is practically supreme. Mr. Swinburne rises in hot rebellion against it from the side of Sense, and Mr. Arnold surveys it with cold displeasure from the remote altitudes of Reason. But each is weakened by *les défauts de ses qualités*. The truly recreative influence would be a fusion of the two—more passion penetrated with more reason. In a beautiful sonnet in the present volume Mr. Arnold has pointed out this very thing:—

That son of Italy who tried to blow,
 Ere Dante came, the trump of sacred song,
 In his light youth amid a festal throng
 Sate with his bride to see a public show.
 Fair was the bride, and on her front did glow
 Youth like a star; and what to youth belong,
 Gay raiment, sparkling gauds, elation strong.
 A prop gave way! crash fell a platform! lo,
 Mid struggling sufferers, hurt to death, she lay!
 Shuddering they drew her garments off—and found
 A robe of sackcloth next the smooth, white skin.
 Such, poets, is your bride, the Muse! young, gay,
 Radiant, adorn'd outside; a hidden ground
 Of thought and of austerity within.

Alas, why should his own Muse now wear a mien so little young, so little radiant?

OLD ENGLAND.*

MR. HOPPIN, the author of a book of travels in England, is a Professor in Yale College, Connecticut. He has written, as he tells us, with the hope of inducing some of his countrymen to spend more time in visiting England than they are commonly inclined to do. We wish him every success, especially if he can send more of his countrymen disposed to take as friendly a view of the old country as he has taken himself. The close connexion which exists between England and America has certainly not tended to improve the travellers who come from either country to the other. An Englishman can occasionally go to Africa or China or India with the honest desire to give us an unbiassed report of what he has seen. It is true that this is a very rare case, even in countries which have the smallest bearing upon English controversies. Most men who go abroad for any purpose but pure amusement have some thesis to establish. They want to show that the negro is a man and a brother, or that he is a link between ourselves and the gorilla. They are defenders or assailants of the benefits of English rule over barbarous countries; they may have an eye to the encouragement of missionary enterprise, or a desire to show that the followers of Confucius would gain nothing by conversion to Christianity. Still we could point to a few cases—exceptions, it is true, to a general rule—where travellers appear to have looked through really uncoloured spectacles, or at most through glasses tinged with the minimum amount of national prejudice. In the case of America this can hardly be asserted. We doubt whether

any man ever went there, with the intention of obtaining raw material for a book, who had not also some pet theory to establish or confute. One set goes to denounce democracy more effectively, and the other to sing its praises, and of course each succeeds in coming in contact chiefly with the particular series of facts which can be most easily brought into the service of his special creed. This unfortunately implies also that every man has a preconceived picture of the people he is about to visit. Perhaps he has formed a mental image of America from *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and then he is certain to meet exclusively the peculiar type of American immortalized by Mr. Dickens. With his bodily eyes he may occasionally perceive individual specimens who do not quite square with his preconceived notions; but they make no impression upon him, and he returns with the *bond fide* conviction that they have no real existence. One well-known writer, for example, has been so far carried away by his *a priori* theories as to see log-huts in the streets of New York, where, we need hardly say, they are about as rare as in Pall Mall. Between these opposing invectives and panegyrics, each pitched in an extravagant key, it becomes almost impossible to strike a judicious mean. American travellers in England have been rarer, but they have been little, if at all, superior to their English rivals. Perhaps they have leaned more exclusively to the dapnatory side, for the simple reason that there are few Americans who would avow in print a preference for our effete institutions. It is an essential part of their national creed that they are politically in advance of the old country, and they are bound to justify their prejudices; whereas there are Englishmen who do not consider themselves to be in advance of America.

The last American writer on England who obtained any notice was Hawthorne, from whose literary character we might have expected to receive a tolerant, if not a favourable, judgment. His opinion was conveyed in a style very far superior to the democratic rant to which we are occasionally treated, but it was certainly less complimentary than we might have hoped. He contrived to convey the impression that a cultivated American was quite as capable of expressing scorn for his unfortunate cousins as his coarser compatriots could put into much harsher language. The feeling had been somewhat refined, but it was by no means deprived of its bitterness. Mr. Hoppin, we are glad to say, has at last shown that it is possible for an American to take a really friendly view of the old country. He does not profess to be a profound observer. He gives us few or no reflections upon the social and political aspects of things, and those in which he once or twice indulges are not remarkable by their originality or their divergence from what we might have expected. He of course condemns a State Church, and considers that the Americans have a great privilege, as well as a great responsibility, in being freed from various old-fashioned institutions which still weigh upon the energies of Englishmen. But he fortunately dilates very little upon these dangerous topics, and what he does say is expressed in terms of which we have no inclination to complain. His travels were simply those of a cultivated and intelligent man desirous to be pleased, and with a pleasant enthusiasm for such sights as lay within his range, and we are glad that he did not endeavour to plunge any deeper below the surface than is safe for such a cursory visitor. He came with a mind evidently well stored with modern English literature, and a strong desire to visit the various sacred places to which literary pilgrims should resort. Of course he went to Stratford-on-Avon, and, not of course, he has refrained from any burst of eloquence on the occasion. He visited the haunts of Gray and Cowper and Wordsworth and Southey and Coleridge and Dr. Arnold and Miss Brontë, and sundry other writers of less general reputation. He relates with due reticence—and with a careful explanation that he was invited, instead of inviting himself—a visit to Miss Brontë's father; and, which deserves the highest possible commendation, he did not call upon Mr. Tennyson. It does not quite appear to what cause this admirable self-restraint was owing, as he was in the immediate neighbourhood of Freshwater, and had, as he tells, an introduction from an excellent source. We cannot congratulate Mr. Tennyson on having failed to receive a visit from an intelligent traveller, but we doubt not that he wishes that a few more of Mr. Hoppin's countrymen would follow his singular example.

This negative merit is enforced by many of a more positive order. Mr. Hoppin has evidently a strong taste for sermons, and takes much interest in English theology. We do not know precisely what his own religious opinions may be, though we infer from various expressions that he sympathizes most nearly with some of the Protestant dissenting sects. He was apparently more impressed by the preaching of Mr. Spurgeon than by that of any one else whom he attended, and he is kind enough to give us short analyses of three or four of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons. He admits that that gentleman's strong point is probably not the speculative side of theology, nor any profound acquaintance with the results of modern thought; but he speaks with great enthusiasm of his genuine eloquence and power of reaching the popular mind. Besides Mr. Spurgeon, Mr. Hoppin has a talent for discovering various dissenting preachers, with whose names and merits he appears to have more familiarity than we can ourselves profess. But, in spite of these apparent prepossessions, he takes a very warm interest in the most opposite schools of teaching. He visits Brighton with great interest, partly on account of its intrinsic merits, but chiefly from its association with Mr. F. W. Robertson, and he speaks of that eloquent preacher with an en-

* *Old England: its Scenery, Art, and People.* By J. M. Hoppin. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1867.

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thusiasm warm enough to satisfy an ardent disciple. When he is thrown accidentally with clergymen of the High-Church school he appears to be almost equally friendly and appreciative. He meets a certain Mr. A.—the real name is concealed with due delicacy—who appears to be a man of considerable mark, and who declared to him that the only hope of the Church of England “lay in the Puseyite wing of the Church.” From this view Mr. Hoppin expresses his own dissent, but he adds that he believes in the essential truth of Mr. A.’s view of the visible unity “of the Christian Church,” and speaks of him with warm respect and admiration. He is rather puzzled by some of our ecclesiastical arrangements, and doubts whether the Church of England can ever exercise due influence over the lowest classes; but he admires the warmth and unity of the congregations, and says that he has never heard in any part of the world church music that for “beauty, animation, and fervour, at all equalled the choral singing in the public service of the great English cathedrals.”

We have said enough to show that Mr. Hoppin possesses some rare qualifications for a traveller. A man who can speak with equal friendliness of Mr. Spurgeon, Dr. Pusey, and Mr. Maurice seems to be almost superior to mortal prejudices. He recognises, and without grudging or stint, the really good qualities which may be seen in any of these extremes; and if he gives too large a measure to some, and perhaps makes us regret that a few shades are not thrown in to show a little more discrimination, it is at least a fault on the right side. This indicates the service which a free-minded Transatlantic traveller may really render to us. He is, in one respect, sufficiently near to English ways of thought, and sufficiently acquainted with our literature, to enter fairly into the feelings of Englishmen; at the same time he is sufficiently removed to judge of them with a due freedom from insular prejudices, and to see the relations of different parties to each other more clearly than those can do who are immersed in the excitement and confusion of the actual contest. He may be as friendly, for example, as M. Esquiros, and has a smaller gap to traverse in order to throw himself into the current of our feelings. Mr. Hoppin, indeed, is evidently as thoroughly at home in English literature as the natives can be; he has been brought up in the same intellectual atmosphere, though not in personal contact, with English writers; and there is something pleasant about the interest which he expresses in all the places connected with them, to which familiarity has rendered us so indifferent.

Mr. Hoppin, we have said, makes no pretensions to be a profound observer, and it is rather the tone of his remarks than any substantial value in them for which we are grateful. The book itself will not be of any great interest to Englishmen, unless as pointing out incidentally how much there is at home worth seeing. He goes to see a great many cathedrals, and is delighted with their architecture; but his remarks are more suited to Americans who have never seen a building two hundred years old than to an Englishman with the smallest knowledge of the subject. In fact, this part of the book is not much more than the ordinary solution of guide-books, and he makes some of the inevitable mistakes on this and other topics. We admire the calmness with which he accepts the noise of undergraduates at an Oxford Commemoration as something strange, but perhaps proper. He makes rather more allowance for their behaviour than any Englishman would do; and considers it as a queer custom, but one which may admit of explanation. This is kind, and we are duly thankful; but we regret to say that he confounds proctors with bedels, speaks—horrible to relate!—of “junior wranglers,” and describes the “caput” at Cambridge and the regent and non-regent houses as existing institutions. Still the Universities are a dangerous topic, even for non-University men in England, and we do not accuse him of more than a fair share of blunders. On the whole, we can only hope that Mr. Hoppin will be read in America, and that his fairness and delicacy may become more common than has hitherto been the case among his countrymen.

ESSAYS OF CHARLES LAMB.*

TO have become a name familiar as a household word while living, to be ranked within a single generation after death among the classics of a nation, to be brought by cheap reprints to the doors of nearly all men, is a lot granted to few. Yet more rare is such a fortune when the winner and holder of it has not thrown himself into any one of the main currents of popular thought or feeling, neither founded a school or a sect, but, on the contrary, has trodden in the byways of literature. Yet this lot and this fortune were Charles Lamb’s. It would be idle to speculate upon the causes of his contemporary or posthumous popularity. He had this in common with men from whom in all other respects he stood as far apart as Shakespeare from Hooker or Bacon. Like Byron and Scott, he touched chords that were waiting for the hand of the minstrel. Lamb’s fame was not, like Wordsworth’s slow in coming; nor has it been evanescent, like Southey’s; nor is it disputed, like Coleridge’s. He has not been cast into shadow by a more brilliant or powerful successor. Mr. Carlyle has his imitators—very unhappy ones indeed—*servilisimum pecus*, endurable by neither gods nor men. But no one has tried to follow in the track of Elia.

Within that circle none has walked but he. He is a steadfast star without satellites.

Literary progenitors Lamb had few, if any; for it would be absurd to rank his essays with those of Bacon, or Bishop Earle’s *Microcosmography*, or Sir Thomas Overbury’s or Bishop Hall’s “*Characters*.” These, when not positively didactic, are speculative only; dealing with abstract forms even when their titles savour of the concrete. Perhaps Sir William Temple might be classed with Lamb for the sake of the individual portraiture he throws into his essays; but then we must subtract from the account Lamb’s genial humour. Sir William is neither witty nor humorous, although his egotism often causes his readers to smile. We come nearer to Lamb in mentioning the best of the English essayists. Elia has a smack of Addison’s fine irony and easy graceful language, and of Steele’s pathos and pleasantry. Of the *Tatler* and the *Spectator* the common parent is Daniel Defoe. It was his *Scandal Club*—a portion or rather the outdrive of his political and polemical “*Review*”—that gave Isaac Bickerstaff his first hint of censorship over the weighty matters of hoops, fans, cardinals, fardingales, and patches. Essays of this kind are a comparatively modern birth. In ancient literature there exists nothing corresponding to them. The nearest of kin to them will be found in the *Characters* of Theophrastus, and in some of Plutarch’s and Lucian’s shorter treatises. But even there the resemblance is very slight, and in the subject-matter only; it vanishes as soon as we compare the mode of treating questions of the day. To people who were hearers more than readers, who lived much in the street and the market-place, the dialogue was a more acceptable vehicle of grave or gay thoughts than the essay; and the epistles which succeeded to the dialogue, at a time when public discussion was on the decline, are mostly short ethical treatises like Seneca’s, or chronicles of daily news like Pliny’s. For European literature the patriarchal essayist is Michael Seigneur de Montaigne. Lamb, a lover of old books, and yet more of odd thinkers, can scarcely fail to have read, at least in Florio’s or Cotton’s translation, Montaigne’s essays. Yet there is no evidence of his having done so. The garrulous Gascon is not enumerated among Lamb’s “ragged veterans,” among books which *are* books; nor are there any indirect tokens of acquaintance with him. Yet there are not a few points of resemblance between them. In each, one thought or one image springs from another naturally but not consecutively; in each the title of an essay is often not a guide to its contents. The law followed by each in composition is that, not of sequence, but of association. They write as they list, and until the end of the essay it is hard to divine from what quarter the thought will come, or whither it may meander. Montaigne and Lamb alike detested formalism; they were “chartered libertines”; they called no man master; they delighted to wander in speculative labyrinths, “as one,”—to borrow from Mr. Hallam’s description of Montaigne—“riding through the high roads is glad to deviate a little into the woods, though it may sometimes happen that he will lose his way and find himself far remote from his inn.” With both we converse when we read them, or rather listen to their conversation. They are, as we may like to fancy, our hosts or our guests; we travel or we sit at meat with them. We see Montaigne in his well-windowed library commanding three prospects of his manors, farms, gardens, *basse-cour*, dove-cots, bowling-green, and the high-roads beyond, and on his table the works of Plutarch and Seneca—to him these “*Divi Fratres*.” And we are with Lamb in the Temple or at Enfield, among his books, his Burton, Bonaventure, his folio Beaumont and Fletcher, or—a shorter journey than Montaigne’s—with him among the shady lanes, now sorely diminished in number and in umbrage by the Gog and the Magog of brick invasion, of Highgate and Hampstead.

Both the French and the English essayist speak of themselves without reserve. Lamb, indeed, magnifies his foibles, and it is to be hoped that Montaigne does in some respects the like. Nothing pertaining to the Seigneur is too trivial for notice. He tells us that a saddle or stirrup-leather galling him puts him out of humour for the day; that he prefers white wine to red—which Joseph Scaliger, in happy oblivion of his own self-revelations, not to say occasional “bouncers,” is pleased to term “an impertinent disclosure.” He counts his fitches of bacon, and is low in spirits when they are low in number. He makes slight account of the fasts and festivals of the calendar. Yet he goes to Church and to confession as often, or as seldom, as he can. In those days it was by no means prudent to say even in private, and much less from the housetops, “*Nulla mihi religio est*,” for some of his neighbours, he gives us to understand, had sustained loss of goods through domiciliary visits from Catholic or Huguenot zealots. The one came indeed with the law on their side, the other for their own pleasure; but in each case the result was very similar—fewer fitches of bacon in the kitchen, and fewer spoons and goblets in the pantry. Lamb, on his part, informs us that his relish for minced veal and apple dumplings declines with advance of years, such being cates for days of innocence; that he has imperfect sympathies with certain classes of the human race—Scotchmen, Jews, and Quakers; that many authors of great name are his aversion; that he regards having nothing to do as the *summum bonum*. Both Montaigne and himself confess to a large amount of ignorance so far as regards things commonly known. But the ignorance of Montaigne is the sceptic’s, who having amassed and compared the opinions of many writers cannot make up his mind what guide to follow, and ends in Horatian indifference to Zeno or Aristippus; whereas the ignorance of Lamb is that of one who, preferring by-

* The *Essays of Elia*. A New Edition, with a Dedication and Preface hitherto unpublished. London: Moxon & Co. 1867.

The *Essays of Elia and Eliana*. By Charles Lamb. London: Bell & Daldy. 1867.

ways of study, has, or affects to have, no affinity with such as tread the broad way of ordinary knowledge:—

My reading [he says] has been lamentably desultory and immethodical. Odd, out of the way, old English plays and treatises have supplied me with most of my notions and ways of feeling. In everything that relates to science, I am a whole encyclopædia behind the rest of the world. I should have scarcely cut a figure among the franklins or country-gentlemen in King John's days. I know less geography than a school-boy of six weeks' standing. To me a map of old Ortelius is as authentic as Arrowsmith. I have no astronomy. I do not know where to look for the Bear or Charles's Wain; the place of any stars; or the name of any of them at sight. I have most dim apprehensions of the four great monarchies; I make the widest conjectures concerning Egypt and her shepherd kings. My friend M., with great painstaking, got me to think I understood the first proposition in Euclid, but gave me over in despair at the second. Not that I affect ignorance, but my head has not many mansions, nor spacious; and I have been obliged to fill it with such cabinet curiosities as it can hold without aching.

Lamb lived nearly two generations before the terror of competitive examinations fell on mankind. It might have fared ill with him had a paper on political economy been laid before him; but what Examiner could have puzzled him by any number of questions as to the life and opinions of Thomas Woolman, or Margaret Duchess of Newcastle?

The resemblance between Montaigne and Lamb ceases the moment we come to their respective styles. The Frenchman is a careless and, we have his own authority for saying, a rapid writer. The Englishman is as scrupulous and finished in his composition as La Fontaine or Addison. A volume of striking or curious thoughts might easily be culled from the earlier of these great essayists, but very seldom would any of these extracts be remarkable as samples of prose eloquence. In this respect he followed, if indeed he followed any one, his favourite Plutarch, rather than his favourite Seneca; and we should be grateful to him for the preference, for though Plutarch is seldom a graceful or an easy writer, he is not, like Seneca, a tedious epigrammatist. From Lamb it would be difficult to select a dozen of carelessly written paragraphs. Even his familiar letters abound with inimitable and unconscious graces. His language, indeed, in his essays, savours of the soil in which it was planted—the literature of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; but he has imbibed its health, and avoided its opposite failings of rhetorical pomp and occasional negligence. Had it been possible for Lamb to have composed a Chronicle of England, we might have boasted of an English Herodotus; had he, like Coleridge, vexed himself with the enigmas of metaphysics, we might have rejoiced, so far as lucid exposition was concerned, in an English Plato or Descartes. A writer in the *Athenæum* in the January after Lamb's death says:—

Every one who knew Mr. Lamb knew that his humour was not affected. It was a style, a habit; generated by reading and loving the ancient writers, but adopted in perfect sincerity, and used towards all persons and upon all occasions. He was the same in 1810 as in 1834, when he died. A man cannot go on "affecting" for five-and-twenty years. He must be sometimes sincere. Now Lamb was always the same. I never knew a man upon whom time wrought so little.

The year 1820 was an epoch in Lamb's literary life, for in that year was established the *London Magazine*, in which the first "Elias" were printed. It is much to the credit of the proprietors of that journal that Lamb received for his contributions two or three times the amount paid to other writers. For who were those writers? "Mid others of less note," there were Cary, the translator of Dante, Thomas Hood, Thomas Carlyle, Allan Cunningham, Keats, Landor, Julius Hare, and the editor, Mr. John Scott. Steele, acknowledging the services rendered him by Addison in the *Tatler*, says that "this good office he performed with such force of genius, humour, wit, and learning that I fared like a distressed prince who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid. I was undone by my auxiliary; when I had once called him in, I could not subsist without dependence on him." The *London Magazine* did not depend on a single hand, as the *Tatler* at one time seems to have depended on Steele; yet it cannot be doubted that Lamb stood to it in the place of Addison. The articles contributed to this magazine have for the most part shared the inevitable doom of periodical writings—*être oubliés*—yet of two contributors the papers are probably destined to live as long as the language in which they are written. Time will not antiquate either the "English Opium Eater," or the "Essays of Elia." A third contributor to this magazine has established an enduring name as the historian of the "French Revolution," of "Cromwell," and of "Frederick of Prussia."

At the time Lamb was making his first efforts in authorship there was a general revival of a taste for old English literature. A great deal of "such writing as was never read" when new was then brought to the surface, and was received, some of it, with just applause, but far more of it with silly wonder. A few grains of wheat were mixed with many bushels of chaff. The fashion was set by the publication of *Percy's Reliques* and the commentators on Shakspeare. What was good in the revival found a congenial soil in the intellect of Lamb. He was like a son who having gone into a far country returns to his own home and kindred. He was akin by the texture of his mind with the authors he pored over, with Fuller, Burton, and Browne, with the dramatic poets who preceded, accompanied, and succeeded Shakspeare. Among the Hayleys and Darwins of his day he was a stranger; scarcely less so with Samuel Johnson himself, and, as he has put on record, he took no delight either in Soame Jenyns's metaphysics or in the histories of Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon. A later generation has put its seal upon Lamb's predilections. Johnson lives in Boswell alone; Hume in his "Essays." Soame Jenyns is as

forgotten as Darwin and Hayley. But Lamb was no archaeological fanatic. No one understood better than he did, few so well, the true worth of the comic dramatists of the eighteenth century. The poems of Byron and Scott were not to his taste, but he was among Wordsworth's early admirers, and his schoolboy's faith in Coleridge he held to the last.

Of the moral and social virtues of Lamb we say nothing; they are recorded by his biographers, and by none more effectively than by his latest—Mr. Barry Cornwall, as he prefers entitling himself. Neither have we done our readers such injustice as to bring before them samples of Elia, since what class of readers is unacquainted with those matchless essays? If one could imagine testimonials to be in vogue in Elysium, assuredly Lamb would long since have received, from a deputation headed by Shakspeare and Congreve, a copy per chance of Margaret of Newcastle's works, bound in the Russia leather he loved, laid in a golden casket such as Alexander provided for Homer's poems, and accompanied by the freedom of Hades inscribed on vellum.

In the present edition of Lamb's *Elia* and *Eliana* passages have been restored to their original places, generally with good judgment and effect. The chief alterations which he made in his prose writings when he prepared them for collection or republication, were in the way of excision. He is said to have been an almost pitiless pruner of redundances, real or fancied. Of these *restituta* we can afford only one sample—an account of George Dyer's experience as a school-usher. It belonged to the essay on "Oxford in the Vacation," and will remind the reader of Goldsmith's bondage in a similar situation:—

D. commenced life, after a course of hard study in the house of "pure Emanuel," as usher to a knavish, fanatic schoolmaster at —, at a salary of eight pounds per annum, with board and lodging. Of this poor stipend he never received above half in all the laborious years he served this man. He tells a pleasant anecdote that, when poverty staring out at his ragged knees has sometimes compelled him, against the modesty of his nature, to hint at arrears, Dr. — would take no immediate notice, but after supper, when the school was called together to even-song, he would never fail to introduce some instructive homily against riches and the corruption of the heart occasioned through the desire of them—ending with "Lord, keep thy servants above all things from the heinous sin of avarice"; "having food and raiment, let them therewithal be content"; "Give me Hagar's wish"—and the like, which to the little auditory sounded like a doctrine full of Christian prudence and simplicity, but to poor D. was a receipt in full for that quarter's demand at least.

Of the two editions before us, that published by Maxon and Co. is the better as regards type and correctness. It contains, indeed, "Elia" alone. The *Essays of Elia and Eliana*, published by Bell and Daldy, exhibits more typographical errors than we should have expected from a work printed by them; and the editor or printer of it is quite extravagant in his employment of commas, not always to the improvement of the sense. This edition, however, is the more complete of the two, since it contains Essays by Lamb that had dropped out of most people's memories.

A RUSSIAN NOVEL.

BEFORE proceeding to discuss the merits of M. Turgenev's admirable story of *Fathers and Sons*, we propose to say a few words about the gentleman who professes to have translated it from the Russian. "The translator has endeavoured," he tells us, "to preserve as far as possible the flavour of the original," and he distinctly claims the merit of having translated directly from that original. It would seem, however, that he has simply turned into English the excellent French version of the story which appeared in 1863 at Paris under the title of *Pères et Enfants*, preserving in almost every case the explanatory foot-notes which it contained, but not vouchsafing a single word of acknowledgment. As that translation was anonymous, it is just possible that Dr. Schuyler may have been its author, and that he may now be merely borrowing from himself; but, although possible, it is not probable. As proof is better than assertion, we proceed to give a couple of extracts from the works in question, taken almost at random. In the last chapter of the original Russian occur two lines of which the literal translation is—"Kukshina also has gone abroad. She is now at Heidelberg." The French translator has rendered them by "Madame Koukchine a fini aussi par quitter le pays. Elle est actuellement à Heidelberg." Dr. Schuyler writes (p. 247), "Madame Kukshin has also ended by leaving the country. She is actually at Heidelberg." The word "actually" tells its own tale. The other passage is one of the few which the French translator has not rendered literally, and Dr. Schuyler has fallen innocently into an unseen trap. The last paragraph of Chapter IV., if translated word for word, would commence as follows:—"In a little back room, on a large trunk, there sat . . . a young woman." The French version, ignoring the trunk, reads:—"Au fond d'une petite chambre dominant sur le derrière, se tenait assise . . . une jeune femme." Dr. Schuyler, also omitting all mention of the trunk (p. 20), writes:—"At the bottom of a little room at the back of the house was seated . . . a young woman." There is no occasion to bring forward further evidence. The least that can be said is that either Dr. Schuyler or his publishers owe it to the public to explain, if they can, what looks like a piece of literary bad faith. With these preliminary remarks we may take our leave of Eugene Schuyler, Ph.D.

* *Fathers and Sons*. By Ivan Sergeievitch Turgenev. Translated from the Russian, with the approval of the Author, by Eugene Schuyler, Ph.D. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1867.

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But although the present translation comes before the world under a questionable character, it is not necessarily a bad one. The French version is so good that an accurate rendering of it into English cannot fail to give a correct idea of the original, and if Dr. Schuyler had frankly acknowledged the source from which he has borrowed, we should have been ready to give his book due praise. While speaking in his preface of M. Turgenev's work, the *Memoirs of a Sportsman*, he remarks that "it has been translated into German, twice into French, and a portion of it badly into English, under the title of 'Russian Life in the Interior,' by J. D. Meiklejohn." It is a pity that he did not follow the example of Mr. Meiklejohn, who, in the book referred to, distinctly stated that he had translated from the French version. It is not long since a Russian "baron" had the audacity to palm off as a new novel of his own composition a garbled translation of Gogol's *Dead Souls*, and the book was actually published under the title of "Home Life in Russia, by a Russian," before the fact was discovered. M. Turgenev has never been as ill-treated as Gogol was in that instance, but he has had to complain bitterly of the wrongs he has endured at the hands of an imaginative translator. Some years ago M. Charrière published, under the title of *Mémoires d'un Seigneur Russe*, what professed to be a translation of the *Zapiski Okhotnika*, or "Memoirs of a Sportsman." But not content with translating, he must needs improve, and the improvements on which he prided himself were not fortunate enough to obtain M. Turgenev's approbation. The Russian author was unable to see why such a simple phrase as "I took to flight" should be rendered, "Je m'enfuis d'une fuite effarée, échevelée, comme si j'eusse eu à mes trousses toute une légion de couleuvres commandées par des sorcières," or why a hare pursued by a dog should be metamorphosed into "un écureuil qui monte sur le sommet d'un pin, s'y place debout et se gratte le nez." One of the translator's freaks for some time fairly puzzled the author of the original. M. Turgenev had spoken of an *arapnik*, a kind of whip, in some courtyard scene. Now *arap* means a negro, so the translator assumed that *arapnik* meant a little negro, and accordingly "des noirs" were at once made to figure in his picture. The explanation is very simple, but it took Mr. Turgenev some time before he could understand why he should have been represented as introducing negro servants into a scene of Russian life in the interior.

Having spoken in somewhat uncomplimentary terms of M. Turgenev's translators, let us proceed to state with equal frankness the very high opinion we have of M. Turgenev himself. Independently of their great value as illustrations of Russian thought and Russian society, his novels have so much intrinsic merit that he fully deserves the reputation he has gained on the Continent. His charming story *Une Nichee de Gentilshommes* has already been reviewed at length in our columns*, and the book now before us is marked by the same rare excellence that we admired in its predecessor. M. Turgenev's style is deserving of the highest praise. He tells his story in simple, unaffected language, disdaining all tricks and artifices, and always going straight forward to the point at which he aims. His humour is natural and unconstrained, and his pathos as genuine as it is effective. He is a shrewd observer of men and manners, and his descriptive powers are exceptionally great. With nature also he has thorough sympathy, and the landscapes which are scattered through his works are as charming as they are true. And in all that he writes, whether it be pathetic or humorous, there is a certain reserve, a kind of dignity, which bears witness to a purity of feeling and loftiness of thought of the absence of which we are painfully conscious in the works of most French novelists, and of imitators of the French school of fiction.

Of a considerable part of the merit of *Fathers and Sons* an English reader is scarcely able to form a fair idea. The book teems with allusions which to him convey no meaning; it is studded with little points of humour, which make brilliant the pages of the original, but which lose their sparkle when they pass under the hands of a translator. M. Turgenev aims at more than mere story-telling in his works. His style is not in the least didactic, but his writings generally convey a useful lesson to his countrymen. In the present tale he has endeavoured to point out some of the contrasts which exist between the representatives of the old and the new school in Russia, between the quiet and somewhat unenlightened adherents to the ancient ways, and the headstrong and enthusiastic partisans of progress and reform. At the time when the story was written the clashing of opposite opinions was more distinctly audible than it is now, but the discordant elements are still at work. And for many a year to come the same contest of thought and speech is likely to be carried on between the timid prudence of elderly conservatism and the reckless ardour of young enthusiasm—between the stubbornness of old traditions and the activity of new ideas. Russia had long been a land of settled, fixed, and as it were petrified opinions, when a band of youthful innovators began to introduce doctrines of a most unorthodox, if not utterly heretical, nature. Gradually the ranks of the reformers increased, and their theories went on developing with the progress of years. The generation of *Fathers* found itself separated from that of the *Sons* by what seemed to them an unfathomable abyss. The younger men laughed at the old-fashioned beliefs of their elders, and prided themselves on accepting nothing into the foundation of which they had not examined, on shattering the time-honoured idols to which their ancestors had unhesitatingly bowed down, and on freeing themselves from the mental

shackles which their forefathers had been well content to endure. Of this party Bazarof, the central figure in *Fathers and Sons*, is intended to be the representative. He is a young medical man who, by the force of a strong will and a powerful intellect, has gained a considerable influence over his companions at the University in which he studied. Believing in scarcely anything, enjoying but few things, hoping for but little, he does not seem to be a very genial or loveable companion; but his genuine disinterestedness, his contempt for all that is mean and base, and his hatred of oppression and wrong, gain him the affections of his enthusiastic contemporaries. One of these, Arkady Kirsanof, when going home to his father's house, induces Bazarof to accompany him, and the result is that the young sceptic finds himself face to face with two specimens of what he considers a fossilized race of country gentlemen, the brothers Nicholas and Paul Kirsanof. In the discussions which arise between him and them M. Turgenev has found an opportunity for stating what is to be said for both sides in the dispute between progress and retrogression in Russia, and in them English readers will find a mine of information respecting Nihilists and their opponents. But we will not dwell on the controversial side of the story; its romantic element has more attraction for the general public. Old Nicholas Kirsanof tries hard, but in vain, to keep pace with the ideas of his son and his son's friend. Like Colonel Newcome painfully studying the Old Masters, he is to be seen diligently perusing the books in which he thinks his Arkady delights. But his efforts are useless, and he is almost in despair when suddenly the youthful philosopher falls in love. Katia's sweet face rapidly lures Arkady down from the lofty realms of theory to the level of lowly fact, and he discards in a moment all the grand schemes he had formed for the sake of marrying a commonplace young girl, who, as M. Prosper Mérimée remarks, will do exactly what she likes with him, and make him perfectly happy. The day of his wedding is marked also by the marriage of his father to one who has for some time past been occupying the position of a wife in his house. This part of the story, this episode of Eastern and patriarchal life, seems very strange to a reader trained in Western habits of thought; but every one must recognise the grace and the delicacy with which it is told. As for Bazarof, he too loses his heart; but love comes to him not, as it comes to Arkady, like a flood of golden sunlight, bearing warmth and comfort and happiness along with it, but like a storm which sweeps through his life, and leaves behind it ruin and desolation. Sorely wounded in his affections, but neither humbled nor softened by suffering, he goes home to his father's house, and there, after a grim struggle with his grief, is struck down by a fever contracted in the course of his medical practice, and dies. The deathbed scene is exceedingly touching, described as it is in very simple language, without a tinge of exaggeration or a trace of anything like morbid sentiment. Nor is there any attempt to inflict a moral lecture on the reader at the end. He is left to draw his own inferences, just as he is allowed to form his own impressions of the various characters who figure on the scene. M. Turgenev never dissects the subjects with which he deals. His observations are made from without, and he thinks he has done enough when he has chronicled the sayings and doings of his heroes and heroines. And that this chronicling is thoroughly well done no one who reads his books can fail to perceive. His work bears the unmistakable stamp of genuineness and sincerity, and his touch is always that of a true artist.

MENZIES' ROYAL FAVOURITES.*

THESE volumes have been lying by us for a good while, during which we have glanced at them several times with a mixture of curiosity and awe. The title implied a book designed for the general reader—one of the books in reading which that long-suffering personage is cajoled into the notion that he is reading history. But does the general reader read such thick books? The first volume contains 486 pages and the second 539. Does he, again, like such comparatively small and close print? The ladies who write the lives of disreputable Kings generally write them in much smaller volumes, in a larger print, and with lines much more widely leaved. Then, again, who is "Sutherland Menzies"? The subject would, as far as our experience goes, rather suggest a female pen, but though a Scotch county can hardly be said to be of any particular sex, yet Sutherland would seem a more likely name for a man than for a woman. The title-page contained no sort of description of the author, and there was not a word of preface to give us the usual enlightenment as to the author's motives and objects. All these things raised a sort of curiosity—the sort of curiosity which is raised by a letter in an unknown hand and with an unknown postmark. Such a letter, by a universal law of human nature, is always examined in every possible way, and every possible guess is hazarded, before venturing on that examination of the inside which would at once clear up the mystery. So, we must confess, it has been with these two large volumes about Royal Favourites. We have been so curious to know what manner of book it might be, we have founded so many guesses on the outside, the title-page, and on the preface which should be there but which is not, that we have from time to time put off that closer examination which might have told us all about it.

* *Saturday Review*, March 22, 1862.

* *Royal Favourites*. By Sutherland Menzies. 2 vols. London: Maxwell & Co. 1865.

We have at last made the effort, and we may say that, if the book had been either better or worse, the effort would have been less wearisome. Mr. Menzies—for the female theory very soon breaks down—does not rise above the level of a compiler, but to have merely compiled so large an amount of matter as these volumes contain implies a very fair amount of industry, more, we should think, than the general reader will at all appreciate. The style is often poor, often affected, and yet some of the stories are by no means badly told. Dealing with a number of very questionable subjects and persons, the book might be thought not quite respectable by rigid duennas, while on the other hand it is not in the least degree *piquant* or exciting. We could point to female biographers of French Kings who had studied their Brantôme to much better purpose than Mr. Sutherland Menzies seems to have done. In fact we should think the book was a little heavy for the general reader, while historical scholars go for their information to books of altogether another kind.

But, after all, the main question is, why should a man write two volumes about Royal Favourites of various ages and countries, from the favourites of Edward the Second to the favourites of Catharine of Russia? If Mr. Menzies had given us a preface, perhaps we might know; as it is, we cannot so much as guess. When people write a series of Lives of the Kings, Queens, Archbishops, Judges, Lord Mayors, or any other such functionaries in any one country, a certain connexion runs through the whole subject; the danger most to be feared is repetition. But between the different parts of Mr. Menzies' book there is no connexion whatever. "Modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis," in a way which the laws of poetic art do not recognise. We have heard all about Piers Gaveston and Maria de Padilla, and the fair Gabrielle and Carr Earl of Somerset, and La Vallière and Fontanges, and all the rest of them, in their proper places—if any places can be said to be their proper places—and if we want to know anything more about them, we know where to find it in each particular case. But we see no good reason why they should all be taken out of their proper places, and bound together in these two volumes. They have nothing to do with one another except that they were the favourites, male or female, of some Sovereign or other. There is no particular reason why these particular favourites should have been chosen, and a great many others left out. Where are Barbara Villiers and Elizabeth Villiers and Catharine Sedley and the Duchess of Kendal and the Countess of Yarmouth? Where are that endless sisterhood of which the Pompadour and the Du Barry were the chiefs? Perhaps their doings are too hackneyed; but they are not more hackneyed than the doings of a great many who are in the book. Perhaps they would have made the book too big; but then why should the book have been written at all?

In fact we must confess a dislike to books which hover, as it were, round the verge of forbidden subjects. Mr. Menzies will perhaps say that he does not pass the line. If so, why come so near to it? When a writer comes across such subjects in the regular way of his business, be that business history, or statistics, or medical or economical science, he should not shrink from them. An historian of France must not hide the existence of the *Parc aux Cerfs*, because the fact that a *Parc aux Cerfs* was possible is an important fact in the history of France. The follies and profligacies of Kings or of other people must be simply dealt with honestly by those whose real business leads them to deal with them. But we do not see why they should be picked out for special treatment by those who have no special call to deal with them. Now the truth is that some of the subjects dealt with by Mr. Menzies are not honestly dealt with, simply because in a book of this form they cannot be honestly dealt with. In a history of England written for boys and girls, or for general readers of any sort, it may be allowable to slur over the latter part of the reign of Edward the Second, even at the expense of putting Queen Isabella in a far worse light than she deserves. But, unpleasant as the subject is, history cannot so deal with it. The fouler charges against Edward were very likely untrue, but they were the belief of the time, and that belief influenced the course of events. Isabella might be guilty of adultery and murder, but men thought that, after all, her wrongs were greater than her crimes. A great deal is thus explained which is otherwise unintelligible. But the subject cannot be fully and fairly discussed in a book for the drawing-room table. It is therefore better, in a book for the drawing-room table, to avoid the subject as far as may be. In a complete history of England of course it cannot be wholly avoided, and the writer must make what shifts he can. But the subject is one which no one need pick out for a popular monograph, and it is one which writers of popular monographs will do well to avoid.

Mr. Menzies shows a good deal of industry in these volumes, but not much that can be called original research. Yet even a compiler might avoid actual plagiarism. Mr. Menzies has that unpleasant trick of quoting modern and contemporary authors in his text, which is always the sign either of an inexperienced or of an unscholarlike writer. Very respectable authors have done it in their youthful prize essays, but they leave off the habit when they reach years of discretion. Still, as long as inverted commas are used, there is no moral obliquity. But Mr. Menzies not only largely indulges in the use of inverted commas, but near the beginning of his account of the Favourites of Elizabeth, he actually gives us, without inverted commas, nearly half a page which is copied word for word from Mr. Keightley's small History of England. This whole matter of Elizabeth is dealt with in the poorest way. Perhaps Mr. Menzies felt that Elizabeth had both friends and enemies who were better able to deal with her than himself.

If so, it would have been better to leave her alone. Still it is provoking to see such a subject attempted only to be slurred over. We have always looked on the relations between Elizabeth and her favourites, above all between Elizabeth and Leicester, as not only one of the most curious of historical puzzles, but also one of the most singular studies of human nature. It is a subject which we ourselves have before now discussed at some length. But Mr. Menzies does not seem in the least to see the depth of it. It is a trifle, but it is one of the straws which show the way of the wind, that Mr. Menzies raises Lady Robert Dudley, better known as Amy Robsart, to the rank of Countess.

But it is hardly worth while dwelling on details of this kind, when we think the whole scheme of the book a mistake. Had Mr. Menzies favoured us with a preface, he might very likely have said something in arrest of judgment; as it is, he stands mute, and he must take the consequences. As we had to do a few weeks back in the case of a far greater writer, we do again in the case of Mr. Sutherland Menzies, and once more put in our protest—probably a quite unavailing protest—against books which are neither legitimate history nor legitimate romance.

MR. ROSE'S *ÆNEIS*.*

WILL the *Æneis* of translators never learn that there is a midway between the broad road of translation trodden by those who are more poets than scholars, and the narrow one which is most in favour with such as are more scholars than poets? It is hard, no doubt, to endure the fetters of fidelity to an original when vagrant fancy counsels unrestricted freedom. Nor can it be less irksome to an accurate scholar to earn scant credit for rendering to Homer's or Virgil's text that tribute of faithful adherence which the common herd of translators deliberately refuse. But is there no third course? Why not seek truth and excellence, here as elsewhere, in the golden mean—namely, in the approximate representation of every thought and image of the original, license being taken to vary, if need be, grammatical constructions and unmanageable Greek or Latin forms? By this course intelligent craftsmen would avoid a great deal of unintentional unfairness to the authors they translate, as well as to the less learned of those who read their translations. But though this standard is theoretically recognised, yet, if we take translation as we find it, we shall be led to conclude that it is practically disregarded. One has to put up with a choice between the two extremes; and while the scholar's taste too rigorously rejects all that is not faithfully cast in the original mould, perhaps it is as well that there should be room left for the broad school—those liberal poetic souls who give the world their versions of ancient poets as, in their view, they might have been or ought to have been. They do not disregard the main scope of their models; they realise their leading features and interpret their general sentiments; and it is more than probable that from such latitudinarian translation numbers derive equal pleasure with the translator himself.

In reviewing Mr. Rose's *Fæsti* we have already ranked him as, in our judgment, less of a scholar than a poet; and though the classical versions by which he has proved his fondness for the path affected by scholars are, in the main, sufficiently faithful to the Latin to exempt him from being classified with the broadest school of translators, we cannot place him among the representatives of that *via mediæ* which we hold to be most excellent. So many passages occur to us where, when he might easily and advantageously have kept closer to the original, he has preferred a laxer course, that we cannot but impute this manifest preference to a lurking contempt for pedantry, a disdain of bounds and limits and time-honoured rules. Custom and prescription, however, though they may be irksome, are entitled to some weight; and Mr. Rose may have difficulty in justifying to the satisfaction of his readers those lesser eccentricities which consist in placing the English preposition *after*, instead of *before*, its noun—e.g. "*Iarbas of*," "*Creusa for*," "*Italia unto*"; in coining such epithets as "*turpid*" and "*whist*" (that is to say, "*silent*," applied to the moon), and such verbs as "*to libate*," "*to invoke*," and "*to renovate*," in connexion with "*wine*," "*gods*," and "*grief*" respectively. These will most strike the eye of the general reader, and we think we see something of the same recklessness in the general freedom of his style of translation. Shutting our Virgil, and forgetting for the moment well-known Latin lines, we have often been fain, in perusing Mr. Rose's *Æneis*, to admit that his higher flights, his renderings of portions of the second, fourth, and sixth books, rise bravely to the height of his great argument. But, on setting English and Latin side by side, we are compelled to modify our admiration. In the passage commemorative of the death of young Marcellus (vi. 882 fol.) we have a treat in the rendering of

Heu, miserande puer, si qua fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris.
Thou noblest boy, except by Fate's decree,
Marcellus had survived himself in thee!

This is an improvement, to our thinking, on Dryden's corresponding couplet; but we obtain it at the cost of forfeiting an adequate rendering of the lines just preceding:—

Vel quæ, Tiberine, videbis
Funera, cum tumulum præterlabere recentem!
Nec puer lliacæ quisquam de gente Latinos
In tantum spe tolet avos;

* The *Æneis* of Virgil. By John Benson Rose. London: Dorrill & Son. 1867.

for which the verses

And Tiber murmur sorrow round his tomb,
The noblest scion of our house to mourn,

are surely but a niggardly equivalent. When scholars put the two together, they may indeed discern poetic thought in this rendering; but they cannot help suspecting that, in this instance, translation is used as a sort of basket wherein to carry such choice blossoms of Virgil as the translator thinks fit, all that suits not his taste or purpose being unhesitatingly flung aside. In point of sonorous and graceful verse, the description of the hush of night (iv. 521-32) would claim for Mr. Rose no mean share of praise:—

It was the night, and weary mortals close
Their eyes in sleep, their spirits in repose.
All 'neath the skies to its benignance yields,
The tenants of the woods, the floods, the fields:
The plain and grove are silent as the flight
Of circling stars; beneath the placid night,
In slumber lapped, the passions cease to jar
And for a while man's heart forgets its war.

But what about its faithfulness? We find no fault with the picturesque grouping in the fourth verse, albeit it somewhat stints the affluence of the original; nor shall we be severe on the elimination of "*sæva quierant Æquora*," though it is an ineffective feature of the original; but when, in rendering

Somno positæ sub nocte silenti
Lenibant curas et corda oblita malorum,

Mr. Rose transfers to man's heart and man's passions what the Latin construction restricts to birds, beasts, and fishes, candour obliges us to declare that, whatever Virgil ought to have said, this is not what he did say. Dryden in this passage is truer to his author's text, and, though not generally a safe Mentor for a genius so excursive as Mr. Rose's, might have kept him straight in this instance.

Indeed, Mr. Rose's relations with Dryden are not a little curious; for, whilst some of his happier hits are attributable to his having dared to improve on his famous predecessor, scores of passages might be cited to prove that, when Mr. Rose goes astray, his error is more or less traceable to Dryden's example. First, in illustration of his daring, let the reader turn to *Æn.* iv. 168. When he has noted that Virgil records as one of the portents attending the entrance of Dido and Æneas into the cave for shelter—

Summoque ululâunt vertice Nymphæ,

we are mistaken if he will for an instant hesitate to prefer Mr. Rose's version—

Wood nymphs around supplied the nuptial choir,
to Dryden's slovenly line—

And howling nymphs were conscious to their love.

Howling nymphs, indeed! Dryden was too lazy to discover what Mr. Rose has rightly apprehended, that "*ululatus*," like *ἀλαλγυμός*, is used of festive as well as funeral cries. A little further on in the same book the words which describe a certain function of Mercury's caduceus—namely, "*lumina morte resignat*" (iv. 244), have given no end of trouble to commentators. "*Resignat*" must be interpreted in its general sense of "unseals," and Henry's note, approved by Conington, refers it to the custom of opening a dead friend's eyes, before the burning of the body, that their owner might see his way to the lower world. If so, Mr. Rose's rendering is truer as well as more poetical than Dryden's, who sees in the Latin words only the power of raising the dead. Both are appended, that the reader may judge between them:—

And to immortal life uncloses mortal eyes.—Rose.

And eyes though closed in death restores to light.—Dryden.

At other times, however, Mr. Rose's departures from Virgil's true sense seem to be attributable to Dryden's leading him astray; e.g. in Book i. 248, where Mr. Rose's couplet—

There stands Patavium founded, and he reigns
In peace with Trojan laws on foreign plains—

ignores the death of Antenor, indicated plainly enough in Virgil's words, "*nunc placidâ compôstus pace quiescit*." Why was this? We suspect because Dryden wrote before Mr. Rose—

At length he founded Padua's happy seat
And gave his Trojans a secure retreat:
There fixed their arms and there renewed their name,
And there in quiet rules and crown'd with fame.

So potent is this leader's spell that it appears to beguile any who do not hold classical accuracy paramount into mistaking the real drift of Virgil's words. Again, where in the Second Book (75), Sinon is adjured to tell his captors what plea he can urge for mercy, the words "*memoret, quæ sit fiducia capto*" manifestly depend on "*hortamur*," there being an ellipse of "*ut*." But Mr. Rose seems to have taken "*memoret*" for "*meminerit*," and to have misunderstood "*fiducia*," when he translated

We asked his name and race, and what he knew,
But warning that small credence was his due.—P. 31.

An utterly erroneous impression is thus conveyed, for which we are inclined to hold Dryden responsible; for if we compare notes, out stands the original sin in Dryden's page:—

What news he could impart we long to know,
And what to credit from a captive foe.

Yet we must perhaps blame less strongly this undue deference in many cases to a great predecessor, because Mr. Rose would hardly claim literality as his chief virtue. He seems to be contented if he

can give a general picture of Virgil's sense, and does not mind at times omitting whole lines. For instance, early in the first book we miss from his version of the storm invoked by Æolus the last and most graphic line of the whole description:—

Præsentemque viris intentant omnia mortem.—(i. 91. E.T. p. 4.)

We venture to suggest that Mr. Rose should convert what is now a couplet—correct as far as it goes, but at the same time involving an oversight if it goes no further—into a triplet by adding a "*rider*," as we do in the following italicized line:—

Forth flashed the lightnings, and from pole to pole
Through the black vault above the thunders roll;
And death's near advent smites the seaman's soul.

This sort of omission, added to a certain unevenness arising from lax renderings in one place, amplification in another, and undue retrenchment in a third, excludes Mr. Rose's translation from a place in the category of "*literal versions*." Sometimes, indeed, he is creditably close, and, if he does not throw into such passages as that beginning "*excudent alii spirantia mollius æra*" in the Sixth Book, such happy strokes of genius as the phrase "*inform the breathing brass*," he often hits the just mean of truth and poetry. Yet such a line as

Omnis in Ascanio cari stat cura parentis (i. 647),

reappears as

Without him

Dull was the pageant, and the light was dim—

and when the question of Æneas [ii. 322], "*How the battle fared, and what eminence it was proposed to seize*"—

Quo res summa loco, Pantheu? Quam prendimus arcem?

comes out so wide of the mark in English as

What's to be done? How stands the citadel?

we can only say that the translation is fitter for general readers than for austere scholars. The latter will find more matter for admiration in such renderings as

Hæret lateri lethalis arundo (iv. 73);

Yet carries in her side the feathered death;

and

Mollique fluentem

Fronde premit crinem fingens atque implicat auro.

And in his flowing locks with golden bands
Wreathes *Daphne*.

This last is a pardonable license in one who has translated the *Metamorphoses*, when the subject is Apollo; but critical readers will inevitably cry out for revision of the spelling and the quantities of proper names. We thought the quantity of "*Ilione*," for instance, had been pretty publicly settled a few years back. The footnotes, too, want revising. The peplum might have been a sail of a galley used at the Panathenæa, but not "*of the ship Panatheniaca*" (see p. 17); and the existence of a lake Libystinus on the Guadalquivir will never make Libystis (v. 37) to be "*Spanish*," or ought else than a synonym for Libyan or African. On the subject of "*etymological guesses*," such as make up Mr. Rose's Appendix of Notes, we are afraid we cannot follow him, but, in common with most scholars, must cleave to the sweeping opinion of Sir George Lewis. Legendary and etymological affinities might no doubt be discovered in endless abundance, but after Mr. Rose's comparison of Tintagel and Troy, what will rise to most readers' thoughts and lips except "*Macedon and Monmouth*"? We respect the industry with which the subject is pursued, but we may reasonably doubt the worth of the harvest which it yields. Even here, however, Mr. Rose will doubtless find those who will go along with him; and it is quite possible that, for the general reader, a little revision of his translation—corrections of ungainly rhymes and rhythms, and the reinstatement of prepositions in their natural position—would render it a very acceptable production.

ARTINGALE CASTLE.*

A STORY in which the central incident is not bigamy or murder, but merely the restoration of a fine old family place, has something like a touch of novelty to recommend it. To the young lady reader an affair of bricks and mortar may not seem to promise much excitement; it is as well therefore to say at the outset that there are issues of a very romantic kind connected with, or dependent on, this particular restoration. On the other hand, Mr. T. A. Trollope may fairly reckon on recruiting readers from two classes not supposed to be very amenable to the charms of light literature. Domestic architecture is a subject which appeals to the sympathy of country gentlemen and archaeologists; and as his views on it are tasteful and correct, any one in the happy position of having a Gothic chapel to renovate, a grand staircase to re-arrange, or an Italian ceiling to dispose of, might really gain some valuable hints from his pages. Artingale Castle is the seat of a county family whose ancestor had come over with William the Conqueror, and who were deeply imbued with a sense of their importance. This feeling did not show itself in arrogance or display, or in ways offensive to their neighbours, but in the evolution of a theory of duty applicable to members of the family alone. This theory consisted in making the family dignity the paramount consideration in every transaction of life. As occasion arose they asked themselves what

* *Artingale Castle*. By T. A. Trollope. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1867.

does "Artingale" require? "Artingale expects every member of the family to do his or her duty" was their motto. Naturally, the castle, as the outward and visible symbol of the family greatness, was regarded with peculiar veneration. Owing to the reckless prodigality of the last possessor, it had been allowed to fall into complete dilapidation; the chapel was in ruins, the staircase cracked and rotten, the great hall stripped of its oaken panelling, the stonework of the grand terrace was crumbling. Sir Hildebrand, the reigning baronet, had set his heart on repairing all this damage and restoring the castle to its former magnificence. He was a dull, pompous man, with no harm in him, remarkable for nothing but inordinate family pride, which showed itself in the perpetual contemplation of a splendidly emblazoned pedigree of the Artingales which hung over the chimney-piece of his study. Unfortunately Sir Hildebrand had not at his command the requisite sum of money for so extensive an undertaking. He had lived ever since his majority in a state of monetary tightness. The rental of his estates was large, but it had been dreadfully dipped by his immediate predecessor, and it was still burdened by a large debt. Under these circumstances the expectations of "Artingale" in regard to the restoration of the castle would have remained unsatisfied had it not been for the intervention of an obliging squire in the neighbourhood. Mr. Felix Farland was as proud of his Saxon descent as Sir Hildebrand Artingale was of his Norman ancestry. His property was much smaller, but he had much more available cash. A genuine antiquarian enthusiasm, and an utter distrust of Sir Hildebrand's taste in architecture, disposed Mr. Farland to find the money, and thereby to obtain the right of advising in the work. These considerations were supplemented by another more important one. He was the father of an only son, while Sir Hildebrand had an only daughter. A family alliance had long been projected between the parents, and it offered all the security which Mr. Farland required for the loan. The consent of the young people to this arrangement had never been formally invited, but it did not seem likely that either of them would object to so suitable a match. Mary Artingale was lovely in face and figure, and united to her charms of person a bright intelligence and a vein of humour. Felix Farland the younger had no great pretensions to book-learning, but he had many excellent qualities. He was tall and handsome, and was athletically built in proportion to his height. His blue eyes and ruddy countenance bespoke the purity of his Saxon blood. He could ride like a centaur, swim like an otter, jump like a stag, box like Jackson, and was a complete master of the mysteries of single-stick and wrestling. Upon the whole, though he had a way of talking of ladies as tip-toppers, and was extremely shy on all occasions where the sex was concerned, he was a man whom many girls might easily have been brought to love.

The muscular and good-natured young Saxon might possibly have prevailed in his suit, had not a rival unexpectedly appeared on the scene. The castle-restoration necessitated the residence on the spot of a clerk of the works, and for that post Purcell Lancaster, a clever young architect, who had been a chorister at Silchester Cathedral, had been recommended. Like young Farland, the newcomer was a fine specimen of humanity, but of a more intellectual type. He did not stand so high in his stockings, but his figure was more lithe and sinewy. And there was a brisk bright alertness about him which indicated a readiness to turn on at a moment's notice any given amount of energy which might be necessary for the due accomplishment of the matter in hand, whatever that might be. The vigour with which he swings his portmanteau upstairs on arriving at his lodgings at Artingale is a small but suggestive indication of this trait of character. Altogether, with his energy, his white forehead, black whiskers, and wavy hair, and, last not least, an "especially sweet voice" which had been well cultivated by his training in the Silchester choir, Purcell Lancaster was a dangerously attractive clerk of the works. The impression which this combination of manly charms made upon the young heiress was deepened into love by a course of drawing-lessons and duet-practising which ensued on his arrival. For a scion of a house whose speciality was family pride, Mary Artingale seems to us rather too precipitate in falling in love. After one interview she pronounces him "decidedly the most agreeable man she ever talked to." And when her aunt observes that it is a strong thing to say, she continues in a yet more gushing strain—"He does more than merely understand one. He takes up one's thought when it has come to a stop, and carries it on further as it were. . . . On whatever subject you speak, you may be sure—at least poor little ignorant I may be sure—that he had thought of the same thing, and had thought more and better than I." One can hardly fancy a great county heiress, "every inch an Artingale," talking in this way of an architect's assistant whom she had just seen for the first time. But though unable to command her affections, or to accept a husband of her father's choosing, Mary has a sufficient sense of Artingale duty to resolve never to marry without her father's consent. Purcell Lancaster, who is the soul of honour, never breathes a word of his love, and in the spirit of a martyr goes on with the daily drawing-lessons and the castle restorations. Meantime matters are brought to a crisis by a definite proposal from Felix Farland. Mary refuses him, notwithstanding his naïve but blundering offer to affix the name of Artingale to his own in the event of a marriage. Sir Hildebrand, however, is far too deeply committed to the marriage project to recede even if he had wished it. He will not listen to his daughter's expostulations, which he mistakes for mere girlish squeamishness, and coldly informs her that the engagement which he has made for her must be fulfilled. Mr. Trollope

escapes from the deadlock caused by the obstinacy of the baronet and his daughter's loyalty to Artingale ideas by springing a tremendous mine on the family pride of the Artingales. By the way for the astounding discovery that Sir Hildebrand is not Sir Hildebrand, and that his daughter is consequently no great heiress, but a suitable match for Purcell Lancaster. A claimant to Artingale and its broad domain turns up in the person of a young American sailor who, by a curious coincidence, is a visitor to the neighbourhood, and whose likeness to Artingale living and defunct had been generally remarked. A more conclusive bit of evidence is unearthed in the shape of the certificate of the marriage of the late baronet to a poor Scotch girl who had been smuggled over the Atlantic to make room for a more aristocratic connexion. As the descendant of this earlier marriage George Fraser is the lawful possessor of Artingale Castle, and poor Sir Hildebrand has nothing to do but to retire, ruefully writing "base-born" against his own name in the idolized family pedigree. What is death to him, however, is deliverance to his daughter, who is now free to marry the architect of her affections, "Artingale" notions of duty no longer interposing any obstacle. This wonderful revolution of fortune did not stop the restoration of the castle, which went on under the new owner, Mr. Farland amiably continuing to supply the needful funds. Purcell Lancaster rose to be a great man in his profession, and executed many great works in different parts of England. But after this remarkable chapter of events "it will certainly surprise nobody," to use our author's phrase, to hear that the greatest of them all, in his own opinion, was the restoration of Artingale Castle.

We know not whether Mr. Trollope writes with any set purpose of exalting muscle in these volumes, but it is evident that the type of manhood which he most admires and sympathizes with is the muscular or Kingsleyan. Perhaps it is by way of a protest against the mawkish caricatures of man which lady-novelists are so fond of evolving that he inclines to the contrary extreme, and contemplates the male sex from the point of view of the recruiting sergeant. Almost all the male characters described in this novel are fine big men. Young Felix Farland stood six feet one inch in his stockings, and was broad in proportion. George Fraser was an inch taller, standing six feet two inches, and his limbs, both arms and legs, were "especially long." Mr. Garstang, his rival for the hand of little Bertha Donne, was "of nearly equal height." Sir Hildebrand himself was a handsomely built man, his whole framework was massive, and his hands and feet "huge." Mr. Trollope dilates on the splendid physique of his characters with evident relish. His scenes are peopled with strapping young fellows, full of vigour and animal spirits, who make nothing of whisking their portmanteaus upstairs, jumping into rivers after drowning children, and proposing to young ladies in a dripping condition. We do not at all object to this; on the contrary, it seems to us a very healthy and wholesome type of young manhood to present in a novel. Only, as there are small men in the world as well as big, there is no reason why in a novel all the men should be so very tall and brawny. A short weakly man should be now and then introduced if only for the sake of contrast. Then it is rather remarkable that the only young man in this book who exhibits any intellectual culture is a man of the people. This is rather hard, we will not say on the aristocracy, for we are not sure that Mr. Trollope intends any indirect reflection on them, but on Mary Artingale, who, for an heiress and a county beauty, seems to have been singularly unfortunate in her surroundings. One would have expected that a young lady in her position would find admirers not altogether destitute of culture in her own sphere, and among her own equals. It may be said that country society was not very refined at the period in which the scene is laid in this novel. But unquestionably the lower classes were even less refined; and such a phoenix of architects' assistants as Purcell Lancaster, in the days before the schoolmaster was abroad, and while Mechanics' Institutes as yet were not, must have been a phenomenon indeed. With the exception of his good looks and whiskers, he seems to us to belong altogether to a later civilization.

Mr. T. A. Trollope does not show much talent in the construction of his story. He has a way of jerking out collateral matter in the shape of disconnected episodes, instead of attempting to weave it into the main body of his narrative, which strikes us as clumsy and inartistic. Thus, in one prologue, the catastrophe which is to overtake Sir Hildebrand and his family pride is just foreshadowed, and then the subject is summarily adjourned to a more advanced stage of the story. But a catastrophe which is kept so long dangling does not come at the last as a surprise, and so the effect of suddenness is quite lost. Then a second prologue is introduced to illustrate the Artingale theory of duty so far as it applied to female members of the family weak enough to fall in love with persons beneath them in station. But the loves of Mistress Agnes Artingale and her preceptor have no great bearing on the story, and distract attention from that generation of the family with which Mr. Trollope is principally concerned. These faults of construction, which might have been very easily avoided, are balanced by a merit which this work possesses, and which is becoming rare in these days of slipshod English. It is well and forcibly written throughout. Some of the descriptions of scenery and pastoral life are extremely spirited and picturesque. We wish, however, that the author could be induced to drop that bad habit, of which Thackeray set the example, of perpetually obtruding his own personality on the reader. "I think," "I suspect," "I suppose," are phrases which constantly recur in his pages. "I should have talked the same

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helderdash when George the Third was King"; "I suppose this must be admitted"; "I think it told her that this heart yearned for her"—this is the sort of running accompaniment of comment which pervades every chapter. When will novelists understand that the effect of this obtrusive egotism on the part of the author is to weaken, if not entirely to destroy, the illusion of reality which it should be one of the chief objects of their art to create?

FRENCH LITERATURE.

WHEN a writer has thought fit to publish his opinions on any given subject, we do not think that any editor is entitled to modify them, however strange they may be, or however much they may be affected by facts subsequently discovered. This may sound like a truism, but it is so often disregarded that it may be worth while to insist upon it. And it is not merely in the case of metaphysical or philosophical works, such, for instance, as the well-known volume of Pascal's *Pensées*, that this respect for an author's views should be religiously observed by his literary executors. It ought also to be adhered to when the work treats of history—a branch of knowledge where the discovery of new documents leads necessarily to the alteration of certain data, and to corrections which may perhaps involve a partial recasting of the narrative. For if the author is indeed worthy of a high place on the roll of literary men, his production is a work of art as well as a statement of facts, and it must be left such as he conceived it. Let foot-notes, appendices, and other rectifying explanations be added by all means; but in the name of honesty let us know the amount of the author's responsibility. We think, therefore, that M. Ampère's friends have adopted the only course likely to command the assent of judicious readers. His *Histoire Littéraire de la France avant Charlemagne**, originally published in 1839, was attacked soon after its appearance by a certain Abbé Gorini, in a book entitled *Défense de l'Église contre les Erreurs Historiques de Messrs. Guizot, Thierry, etc.* M. Ampère did not alter his opinions in compliance with the Abbé's views, except where he saw reason to correct material errors of fact, for which purpose he made a note of a few inaccuracies to which his attention had been directed. These inaccuracies are now rectified; but in other respects the book remains what it was before. It is a very complete treatise on the origin of French literature, delivered in the first instance at the Collège de France as a series of lectures, but full of interest for the general reader. Of course, in discussing such a subject, M. Ampère had to touch on points of a theological kind. What was the share of orthodoxy in determining the character of early French literature? what was that of Arianism? Monastic institutions, too, gave a peculiar colouring to certain writings; and they must needs be estimated. We think that only critics who took the very narrowest view of the province of literature would object to M. Ampère's remarks, and surely a book spoken of in terms of praise by the Prince de Broglie and Count Montalembert might have escaped the imputation of heterodoxy. The first volume takes us only to the days of Cassian, and therefore barely passes the threshold of a very wide subject. It is preceded by an excellent *éloge*, or biographical sketch of M. Ampère, from the pen of the Prince de Broglie, who was one of his most intimate friends. In the second volume the Teutonic influence is carefully discussed; we have also striking portraits of Gregorius Turoensis, Sidonius Apollinaris, and Fortunatus, with a survey of legendary literature. M. Ampère never had leisure to carry his researches further than the fifth century; the mobility of his mind, and his anxiety to examine every branch of human learning, led him away from the questions he had undertaken to elucidate before his auditors of the Collège de France, and accordingly the *Histoire Littéraire de la France avant Charlemagne*, like most of his other works, is imperfect.

It is somewhat remarkable that not more than one French translation of the works of Philo Judeus should be extant; it was made in the sixteenth century by Pierre Bellier, and, besides being incomplete, it is almost inaccessible to general readers, both from its scarceness and from the very antiquated style in which it is written. The only one of Philo's treatises which has been clothed in a French dress within a comparatively modern period is the book on the contemplative life. It is true that during the last thirty years the metaphysics of the Alexandrian school have been examined in France by the most competent judges; but Messrs. Vacherot, Jules Simon, and Matter could only allow to Philo Judeus a very limited space in galleries where Plotinus, Basilides, Manes, Valentinian, Jamblichus, Porphyry, and Hermes Trismegistus had also to find their respective places. Nevertheless, the position held by Philo in the progress of metaphysical speculation entitled him to the honours of a distinct monograph, and this is what M. Delaunay now undertakes to supply.† The volume before us is the first of a series which will contain, not all Philo's works, but the principal amongst them. There is no doubt that it would be better if the translation could be complete; yet we may question whether such an enterprise would meet with sufficient encouragement, and, as M. Delaunay remarks, a considerable portion of Philo's writings are interesting only to the learned. His first volume contains—1. A biographical

notice, together with a bibliographical appendix which gives us, not merely a complete list of the philosopher's treatises, but also a catalogue of all the commentaries, critiques, &c., published respecting them; 2. An introduction to Philo's historical essays; 3. Translations of his book *Against Flaccus* and of his *Legation to Caius*. M. Delaunay's version is clear, elegant, and faithful, and his preface, or preliminary disquisition, contains, from the works of Philo and his contemporaries, a very curious description of the political and social state of the Jews under the early Roman Emperors. We hope that he will obtain the support he deserves in his most meritorious undertaking.

M. Boullée's *Histoire de Démosthène** is the second and very much improved edition of a work which appeared for the first time in 1834. Critics have often noticed that, whilst biographies of Cicero abound, the great Athenian orator has been comparatively neglected. Plutarch is too meagre; Libanius writes like a panegyrist rather than with the accuracy of an historian; Photius, Zosimus, and Suidas are incomplete; and, finally, Dionysius Halicarnassensis treats merely of the style of Demosthenes. Since M. Boullée first published his volume, two Germans, Becker and Schäfer, have, however, written works on the great orator and statesman which deserve to be numbered amongst the masterpieces of modern erudition; and M. Boullée has not omitted to consult those high authorities. He has also availed himself of the details given by Dr. Thirlwall and Mr. Grote in their histories of Greece. As an appendix to his work he adds, 1, a note on the island of Calauria; 2, another on the well-known distich engraved on the pedestal of the statue of Demosthenes; 3, a selection of moral thoughts and maxims translated from the orator's writings; and 4, a series of *testimonia*, or appreciative judgments passed by the best critics, ancient and modern.

The second volume of M. Amédée Thierry's *Histoire de la Gaule sous la Domination Romaine*† is now before us, also in a revised edition. The government of Diocletian, and the persecution directed against Christianity, are the opening subjects. M. Thierry shows how the very greatness and unity of the Roman Empire were really a cause of weakness, and he states the problem of the third century in the following manner:—to extend the action of the Government without splitting it up, and to multiply the Emperor, so to say, without doing anything calculated to impair the integrity of the Empire. Step by step our author leads us through the reigns of Diocletian and of his successors; we see Christianity standing the ordeal of persecution, and then rising to supreme power under a system realizing the complete identification of the Church and the State. A last reaction takes place after the death of Valentinian, when Roman Polytheism combines with the Paganism of the Teutonic races for the purpose of crushing the Church. Theodosius, however, once more secured the triumph of Christianity, and when at his death the Empire was divided between Arcadius and Honorius, these two princes found heathenism outlawed, and punished as a political offence. Such is the subject of M. Amédée Thierry's new volume; it is treated with the author's usual accuracy, and forms a narrative of great interest.

M. Beulé, a member of the French Institute, and known by his excellent works on archaeology, had given in the lecture-room of the Paris Imperial Library a series of lectures on the Emperor Augustus and his contemporaries. These lectures, taken down by short-hand writers, are now printed in a collective form under the title *Auguste, sa Famille et ses Amis*.‡ M. Beulé sketches, in the first place, a vigorous portrait of the Emperor; he unveils the vices of Octavius before showing us the virtues of Augustus, and he points out the contrast between the triumvir and Nero—Nero's beginning resembling so much the last years of Augustus. Whence, asks M. Beulé, the admiration with which Augustus is so constantly spoken of? Why has he always been so popular? The answer to this question must be found in the celebrated political maxim, that the end justifies the means. M. Beulé does not, however, accept this decision, but stoutly denies that Machiavelism is ever justifiable. We must remember, in perusing this suggestive book, that M. Beulé is an artist and an antiquary; he studies Roman history through the monuments left to us by ancient art, and it is from a statue, a bust, or a cameo that he endeavours to form a correct appreciation of Augustus, Livia, Julia, Agrippa, and the other members of the Imperial household. One of the most interesting chapters is the one treating of Mecenas the Epicurean, who, as our author observes, knew that pleasures prevent a nation from taking any interest in public affairs, and that the best way of keeping men in a state of obedience is to keep them in luxury. We remember that about thirty years ago M. Nisard's *Études sur les Poètes Romains de la Décadence* were universally admitted as intended to portray the decay of French contemporary literature; in like manner, M. Beulé's *Auguste, sa Famille et ses Amis* will suggest obvious comparisons with the France of the Second Empire.

History presents to us certain facts of so obscure a character that it is impossible to arrive at any conclusion respecting them, and they remain standing subjects of controversy. Such are the two episodes from the annals of France discussed by M. Jules Loiseleur in his curious little volume.§ Did Mazarine ever

* *Histoire de Démosthène*. Par A. Boullée. Paris: Didier.

† *Histoire de la Gaule sous la Domination Romaine*. Par M. Amédée Thierry. Vol. 2. Paris: Didier.

‡ *Auguste, sa Famille et ses Amis*. Par M. Beulé. Paris: Lévy.

§ *Problèmes Historiques*. Par M. Jules Loiseleur. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

* *Histoire Littéraire de la France avant Charlemagne*. Par J.-J. Ampère. Paris: Didier.

† *Philo d'Alexandrie, écrits historiques*. Traduits par Ferdinand Delaunay. Paris: Didier.

marry Anne of Austria? Was Gabrielle d'Estrées poisoned? Who can give a positive answer to either of these questions? Now it is clear that if, in the absence of direct proof, we want to form an opinion on problems of this kind, we must follow the plan adopted by magistrates who endeavour to get at the truth respecting some great crime. We must first note down with the utmost minuteness every incident—the place, the time, the antecedents of the suspected criminal, his motives, auxiliaries, and accomplices. We must procure, in fact, a large amount of circumstantial evidence. Thus it is that M. Loiseau has gone to work; and he displays admirable patience and sagacity in his mode of dealing with every particular of the two cases brought before him. Respecting the supposed marriage of Mazarine with Anne of Austria, we can here only say that, in M. Loiseau's opinion, the story is quite false. The intercourse which was undoubtedly carried on between the Queen and her Minister was never legalized by marriage. As for Gabrielle d'Estrées, M. Loiseau believes that she died from the results of one of the maladies incident to childbirth. She could not have been poisoned, because her death was of benefit neither to the Protestants nor to the Catholics. The former had no reason whatever for wishing to get rid of a person who always manifested the greatest goodwill towards them; and as for the latter, the King, in order to procure the Pope's dispensation for his marriage with the Duchess de Beaufort, had made almost every concession to the Holy See on which any stress had been laid.

The series of national biographies published by Messrs. Hachette has just received a fresh instalment—namely, the life of General Hoche.* In treating this subject M. Émile de Bonnechose has displayed much skill, just as he had manifested great tact in selecting it. Few of the heroes belonging to the French revolutionary era have left so unsullied a reputation as Hoche. His career was unfortunately prematurely cut short, and he did not live long enough to see his country suffer from that spirit of conquest which succeeded to the patriotic outburst of the early revolutionary epoch.

Like Hoche, Kléber† did not see the star of the Empire rise from the turmoil of the Republic and the Directory. His biography is very instructive, and has been compiled by Baron Ernout with the help of original documents extant only in manuscript. Kléber's lofty stature and noble appearance commanded respect quite as much as his courage and his military skill. "On a battle day," said Napoleon once, "nobody is handsomer than Kléber." The first part of his active life is identified chiefly with the siege of Mentz and the expedition against the Vendéans. As we read the narrative and the *pièces justificatives* annexed to it, we cannot help being astonished both at the intense stupidity of the republican agents, and at the extreme partiality with which certain writers still persist in crying up these men, notwithstanding the clearest proofs to the contrary. The German campaign forms the second part of Baron Ernout's volume, and the concluding chapters contain an account of the Egyptian war. The relations between Bonaparte and Kléber have given rise to many discussions, some authors believing that the former did not deal fairly with his lieutenant; others, on the contrary, accusing Kléber of irritation, jealousy, and want of candour. Baron Ernout treats the subject impartially, and decides that, as in most cases, there is fault to find on both sides.

M. François Victor Hugo, after having translated Shakspeare, gives, by way of appendix or supplement, a version of the four apocryphal plays which were so long ascribed to the poet. It is rather singular that *Lochine*, *Thomas Lord Cromwell*, the *London Prodigal*, and the *Paritan* should have passed, as late as the reign of George II., for being cast in the Shakspearian mould. Pope's preface, however, turned the scales against them, and now the learned alone are supposed to be acquainted with these dramas. We need not say anything here of M. Hugo's version‡; the public has long been familiar with it. It is decidedly superior to M. Benjamin Larocche's much puffed-up translation, and that of Letourneur, revised by M. Guizot, is the only one that can be at all compared to it.

The authors of the *Bibliothèque des Merveilles* are not satisfied with the wonders of nature—they must also describe the splendours of art; and M. André Lefèvre's very amusing volume § treats of gardens, parks, and country-houses. The text and woodcuts take us from Babylon to Tibur, from Mexico to Fontainebleau and Versailles, from Twickenham and Kew to the Bois de Boulogne.

Stones, earths, minerals, and mineral waters are M. Jean Reynaud's theme.|| As an elementary volume on mineralogy his *brochure* deserves high praise; it is written in a familiar style, and embellished with beautifully coloured engravings and woodcuts.

Manuals of voyages and travels are generally plentiful at this time of the year. Some of them mix humour with matter of fact, and aim at amusing as well as giving information. Others, on the contrary, strictly preserve the character of travelling handbooks, and have no further pretensions. Amongst these let us

* *Lazare Hoche*. Par Émile de Bonnechose. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

† *Le Général Kléber*. Par Le Baron Ernout. Paris: Didier.

‡ *Œuvres complètes de Shakspeare*. Traduites par F. V. Hugo. Les Apocryphes. Paris: Pagnerre.

§ *Les Parcs et les Jardins*. Par A. Lefèvre. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

|| *Histoire Élémentaire des Minéraux usuels*. Par Jean Reynaud. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

not forget the new classical *Guides-Journe*, more particularly the volume on Brittany just published.* Ten maps, seven plans, and tables of every kind render this octavo very useful, and the historical notices connected with all places of importance are always carefully written. M. Joanne informs us in his preface that hitherto no trustworthy (French) guide-book to Brittany existed; moreover, if we may believe him, the Bretons—who think that no one but themselves has any business to describe their beloved country—will consign him to everlasting execration for his rash attempt. Why do they not try to do something better themselves?

M. Marmier's *De l'Est à l'Ouest*† is a book of travels, but literature occupies a large portion in it, together with biographical sketches and reminiscences. Thorwaldsen and Jean Paul Richter have each a chapter; Prince Metternich is placed next to the little State of Montenegro; and General Fremont appears in close association with the Mormons. Like the late M. Ampère, M. Xavier Marmier is a restless and even erratic *homme de lettres*; locomotion is his natural condition; and he knows how to turn his *impressions des voyages* to good account. The volume just published will take its appropriate place on the long list of entertaining works which M. Marmier has given us on America, Finland, Germany, &c.

The sea is M. de la Landelle's element, and we have had occasion to accompany him on more than one venturesome voyage. Shipwrecks, lifeboats, and the rescue of perishing crews and sinking cargoes are the topics on which M. de la Landelle discourses in his *Naufages et Sauvetages*‡. His book, while full of extraordinary and startling episodes, is of an essentially practical character, and may be useful to all persons interested in navigation.

Those of our readers who take up Heinrich Heine's *De l'Angleterre*§ with the hope of finding in it something new or something true will be very much disappointed. It consists chiefly of a series of critiques on Shakspeare's plays, together with a preliminary *acertissement* not very flattering to us. We are described as a nation devoured by spleen and conceit; we are a prey to *ennui*, and one of these days the whole community will hang itself *en bloc* from the cable of the largest three-decker in the service. What a pity it is that we have heard all this so often before! The best jokes get stale after a time, and Heine should have discovered some remarks of a more original nature.

M. Worms—a bachelor, as he acknowledges at once—lectures on marriage, and recommends it.|| He is not a Benedict, but he surely deserves to be one; and we doubt not that, after reading his sensible lecture, some young lady will think it a thousand pities that he should confine himself to theorizing on this momentous and exciting subject.

Marriage of course reminds us of novels and plays. French literature just now has nothing to boast of in works of fiction. Reprints of George Sand's *Œuvres Choieses*¶, duodecimos containing absurdities unworthy of Joe Miller*, and a tale of M. Octave Feuillet††, which strikes us as decidedly inferior to his former productions, are all that we have to mention under this head.

* *Itinéraire Général de la France*. Par A. Joanne. Bretagne. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

† *De l'Est à l'Ouest*. Par Xavier Marmier. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

‡ *Naufages et Sauvetages*. Par G. de la Landelle. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

§ *De l'Angleterre*. Par Henri Heine. Paris: Lévy.

|| *Quelques Considérations sur le Mariage*. Par E. Worms. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

¶ *Jean Zyska-Gabriel*. Par George Sand. Paris: Lévy.

** *Les Petits Secrets de la Comédie*. Par Aurélien Scholl. Paris: Lévy.

†† *M. de Camors*. Par Octave Feuillet. Paris: Lévy.

In our Article of August 24, on "Sculpture in the Academy," the name of the author of No. 1124 was printed "Mr. Ross." It should have been "Mr. H. Ross."

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